Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIII. EBENSURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1879. NUMBER 2.

ANOTHER GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

AT THE EBENSBURG

Hardware & House-Furnishing Store.

OWING to the large increase in my sales since the last reduction in prices and the adoption of the cash system, I find myself able to benefit my customers by a still further reduction in the prices of all goods comprised in my large stock.

JUST THINK OF IT!

A good No. 9 Cook Stove, trimmed complete for only $20.00.
Good Roasted Coffee at 20 cts. per lb.; best do. at 22 cts. per lb. No inferior or damaged coffee sold at this store.
Good Heating Stoves as low as $4.50.
Good Tea from 30 to 80 cts. per lb.
The largest stock of Floor Oil Cloth in the county, from 1 to 2 yds. wide and from 35 to 70 cts. per yard.
Best quality English Anvils at 15 cts. per lb.
Needles at 5 cts. per paper.
Good cast steel Table Knives and Forks as low as 60 cts. per set.
Pins at 5 cts. per paper.
Best quality Blacksmith Vises at 15c. per lb.
Good Syrup Molasses at from 40 to 70 cts. per gallon.
Good Door Locks and Knobs complete, as low as 25 cts. each.
Good Cotton Thread at 4 cts. a spool.
Best quality 12 inch Mill Saw Files at 40 cts. each.
Good Rice at 8 cts. per lb.
Best quality Sole Leather at 25 to 30 cts. per lb.
Double-bitted Axes at $1.40 and upward.
Largest stock of Stair Oil Cloths in the county, at 12½ cts. per yd.
4 doz. hard wood (turned head) Clothes Pins for 10 cts.
Clark's O. N. T. Machine Cotton at 5 cts. per spool.
Good long handle cast steel Shovels for 60 cts. each.
Good zinc Wash Boards for 25 cts.
Largest stock of Looking Glasses in town, very low.
Washing Soda at 4 cts. per lb.
Best quality four-tined Manure Forks at 65 cts. each.
Good Coal Shovels, 7, 10, 15 and 20 cts. each.
Pearl Starch 6 cts. per lb.
I have the largest stock of Queensware in town, at very low prices.
Best Baking Soda at 8 cts. per lb.
Disston's best quality 26 foot Cross Cut Saws, at $4.50.
I have the largest stock of Spices in town, very low.
Good Door Latches as low as 7 cts. each.
Large stock of Table and Bed Castors at lowest rates.
Good Flour at $4.35 per sack.
Largest stock of Glassware and Lamps in town, very low.
A No. 1 Furniture Varnish at $1.40 per gal.
Good Cutest Steels at 6 cts. a pair.
Over 100 pairs of Iron Tire and Carriage Bolts kept in stock, very low.
Best Tobacco in the market, at 65 cts. per lb.
60 kegs Nails now in stock, $2.60 rates, selected and made of best muck iron. No inferior or scrap iron nails kept in stock.
I have the best Chairs in town for the money.
Over 80 sizes of Window Glass kept in stock, very low prices.
Large stock of Bar Iron and Horse Shoes always on hand, at low rates.
Good fine Gum Combs at 6 cts. each.
Large stock of Table Oil Cloths on hand, very low.
Best Linseed Oil, direct from Factory, at 70 cts. a gal.
Dupont's best F. F. P. Rifle Powder, 40 cts. p. lb.
Drop Shot, all sizes, per lb.
Best Green Coffee at 22 cts. per lb.
Galvanized Coal Buckets as low as 50 cts. each.
Good Green Coffee at 20 cts. per lb.
Best pure White Lead at $2.10 to $2.20 per keg of 25 lbs.
Stove Pipe, made of the best iron, reduced to 8 cts. per lb.
A large assortment of Tinware on hand, very cheap.
12 papers Essence of Coffee for 25 cts.
Largest stock of Trunks and Valises in town, very cheap.
A large assortment of Wall Paper always on hand at lowest prices.
Paper Window Shades at 35 cts. per roll.
Toilet and Washing Soaps in endless variety.
Cook Stoves from $5.00 up to $35.00.
Large assortment of Hair, Clothes and Tooth Brushes.
Heating Stoves from $4.00 up to $35.00; very cheap.
Extra No. 3 Salt, $1.85 per barrel.
Revolvers, five and seven shots, the largest stock from $1.50 up to $10.00.
Best Carbon Oil at 16 cts. per gal.

The above are only a few of the thousands of articles in the hardware and house-furnishing line which I am furnishing at equally low prices. I never use "trash" to put off cheaper goods, or indeed any cheaper, than otherwise do, as I think it better to let the public judge that for themselves, but I do advertise to sell goods as low as they can be sold and pay one hundred cents on the dollar. Neither will I throw out a good staple article of goods over the counter at first cost, or less, and then charge two or three profits on something else to make up for the loss. Yet I will be my endeavor to sell goods at the lowest living profit, and I promise this because I know that I can furnish goods at prices that will be beneficial to both seller and buyer, and not at prices which would benefit one and ruin the other.

☞ Thanking you all for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon me, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, I remain

Respectfully yours,

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Nov. 29, 1878.

FARM AND TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale his valuable Farm in Carroll township, Cambria county, known as the property of Christian Horn, dec'd, containing 111 acres and allowance, about 100 Acres of which are cleared, under fence, and in a reasonable state of cultivation, with plenty of pure water in nearly every field. The improvements consist of a Frame House and a Frame Bank Barn 82x72, a Wood Shed, and other needful buildings. The property will be sold altogether or in parts, as purchasers may desire.

Also a HOUSE AND LOT in Carrolltown, through opposite the St. Lawrence Hotel, now in the occupancy of Ferdinand Sier and others. The House is a two story plank building, 35 feet front and 26 feet back, and is in good condition. There is also a good Stable and other buildings on the premises, as well as apple and various other fruit trees.

Any reasonable offer made for either or both of the above properties will be accepted. Now is the time to buy a farm or a home in town at a bargain.

Carroll Twp., Nov. 22, 1878.-3m. FRANCIS A. BUCK.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County to report upon the exceptions filed to the account of James Litzinger, Guardian of C. V. and J. P. McDermitt, minor children and heirs of Michael McDermitt, deceased, will sit for the purpose aforesaid at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on Monday, 3d day of March, A. D. 1879, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.

JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Jan. 10, 1879.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of J. A. MOORE, dec'd

Letters of administration on the estate of J. A. Moore, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

F. A. SCHOEMAKER, Administrator,

Ebensburg, Dec. 27, 1878.-6t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Theodore Baker, Susquehanna Township, has made an assignment of all his real and personal property to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to the said Theodore Baker are requested to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the said Theodore Baker will present them in proper shape for settlement.

Dec. 20, 1878.-6t. JOHN LLOYD, Assignee.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER Choice Dried Peaches, per lb.....8c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER Good Dried Peaches, per lb.....5c.

A. A. BARKER & SON OFFER Choice Dried Currants, per lb.....8c.

"TRADE MARK." "VIBRATOR." Reg. March 11, 1878.

THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE "Vibrator" Threshers, WITH IMPROVED MOUNTED HORSE POWERS, And Steam Thresher Engines, Made only by

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

THE Matchless Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, and Money-Saving Threshers of this day and generation. Beyond all Rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain from Wastage.

GRAIN Raisers will not Submit to the enormous wastage of Grain & the inferior work done by the other machines, when once posted on the difference.

THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses (and often 2 to 3 Times that amount) can be made by the Extra Grain SAVED by these Improved Machines.

NO Revolving Shafts Inside the Separator. Entirely free from Beaters, Pickers, Rasps, and all such time-wasting and grain-wasting complications. Perfectly adapted to all Kinds and Conditions of Grain, Wet or Dry, Long or Short, Headed or Bound.

NOT only Vastly Superior for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye, and like Grains, but the ONLY Successful Thresher in Flax, Timothy, Millet, Clover, and like Seeds. Requires no "attachments" or "rebuilding" to change from Grain to Seeds.

MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts, using less than one-half the usual Belts and Gears. Makes no Litterings or Scatterings.

FOUR Sizes of Separators Made, ranging from Six to Twelve Horse Size, and two styles of Mounted Horse Powers to match.

STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty. A special size Separator made expressly for Steam Power.

OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Engines, with Valuable Improvements and Distinctive Features, far beyond any other make or kind.

IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, Perfection of Parts, Completeness of Equipment, etc., our "Vibrator" Thresher Outfits are Incomparable.

FOR Particulars, call on our Dealers or write to us for Illustrated Circulars, which we mail free.

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE

(P. C. & ST. L. R'Y.)

THE DIRECT AND MOST COMFORTABLE AND EXPEDITIOUS ROUTE TO ALL POINTS IN THE

WEST, SOUTH and SOUTHWEST.

Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked TO ALL PRINCIPAL POINTS.

Our Rates are the Lowest. OUR ACCOMMODATIONS UNSURPASSED.

Our Trains Connect in UNION DEPOTS With all the great Western Trunk Lines. NO DELAYS! NO LONG TRANSFERS!

WE RUN NO EMIGRANT TRAINS.

All Classes of Passengers are Forwarded on Regular EXPRESS TRAINS, and go through WITHOUT DETENTION.

FROM THOSE SEEKING

Homes in the WEST

We invite correspondence, and endeavor to give trustworthy information. When necessary, our Traveling Agents will meet parties and be prepared to give satisfactory rates for transportation of passengers, household goods, live stock, etc.

The following is the time of Daily Express Trains via "Pan-Handle Route":

Leave Pittsburgh	8.40 A. M.	11.47 P. M.
Arrive St. Louis	7.30 P. M.	9.30 P. M.
" Kansas City	10.35 P. M.	10.00 A. M.

Connection is made in Union Depot, Kansas City, for all points in Kansas and Colorado. Two hundred pounds of baggage are checked free for colonists.

☞ If unable to procure tickets by the PAN-HANDLE ROUTE at nearest railroad station, Passengers should call on Agents at Union Depot, or at 58 Fifty avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., and call for tickets via "PAN-HANDLE ROUTE," by which line Omnibus Transfers are avoided. For Maps of Western Lands, Circulars, Pamphlets, etc., address W. L. O'BRIEN, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Columbus, Ohio. [12-20.-6m.]

Real Estate for Sale.

THE people compels me to sell the following real estate far below its value. Good title guaranteed in all cases.

1. The HALF LOT of GROUND and BUILDING in Ebensburg now occupied as the "FREEMAN" printing office.

2. The GALLIN FARM in Blacklick township, containing over 100 ACRES, about 50 Acres of which are cleared, with a good Stone House, Bank Barn and an excellent Orchard of choice fruit on the premises.

3. SIXTY ACRES OF LAND in Montgomery township, Indiana county, nearly all cleared. There is an excellent Frame Dwelling, a new Bank Barn and a fine Orchard on the premises.

4. A TRACT OF 441 ACRES OF LAND within a mile of the Pa. R. R., in Portage township, about 125 Acres of which are cleared, the balance being well timbered and abounding in bituminous coal.

5. A TRACT OF 400 ACRES situated three miles west of Ebensburg; mostly unimproved. Will be sold in quantities to suit purchasers.

6. A FARM containing 126 ACRES, situated in Barr township, 75 Acres cleared, having thereon a Frame House, Bank Barn and an excellent Orchard. ☞ This is a very desirable farm in every respect.

7. A LOT OF GROUND in the West ward of Ebensburg borough, fronting on Julian street, with a two story Frame House and a good Stable thereon erected. Now in the occupancy of Geo. W. Oatman, Esq.

8. A FARM in Barr township, containing over 100 ACRES and situated a short distance west of Griffith's saw-mill, on which there is erected a Dwelling House and other improvements, now in the occupancy of Reuben Levy.

9. A HOUSE and IN LOTS GROUND in West ward of Ebensburg borough, fronting on High street and extending along Mary Ann street 224 Feet. The house is a large two story frame and there are also on the premises a good Stable and all needful outbuildings, as well as a number of choice fruit trees.

☞ Terms will be made very easy to purchasers.

R. L. JOHNSTON.

Ebensburg, Dec. 27, 1878.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will offer at public sale on the premises, on

SATURDAY, FEB'Y 1st, 1879,

Commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situated in Clearfield township, in said county of Cambria, bounded on the west by land of John Nagle, jr., and P. B. Kerin, on the north by land of John Sharan, on the east by land of Philip Cooper, and on the south by land of Wm. Mullen, containing 55 Acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two story FRAME HOUSE, a two story FRAME HOUSE, a BANK BARN, 40 by 60, all in good order, and all the necessary outbuildings. The land is all cleared and in a good state of cultivation.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond of the purchaser. JOHN WAGNER,

Assignee of Peter A. and Wm. McGough.

Jan. 5, 1878.-3t.

40 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10c. Agents' outfit, 10c. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

THE LOST ONE RESTORED.

The wind blew furiously, and the rain fell in torrents, while a traveler one July night was traversing a thickly wooded portion of the country in Missouri. He had ridden all day, and night overtook him and found him lost in what appeared an impenetrable forest. The vines and underbrush grew so thickly that he was compelled to halt, and dismounting from his beast sheltered himself as best he could from the storm.

His servant, a young man some 18 years old, accompanied him and was very much terrified at the situation in which he found himself, never having been outside the limits of a city until Mr. Randolph had employed him to accompany him on his journey. Journeys in those days were generally made on horseback or stage, for railroads had not then intersected all parts of our great country, as at the present day.

"John," said Mr. Randolph, "we shall have to remain here until daylight—there is no possibility of finding our way in this darkness."

"If we are not on the right road," replied John, "we must surely be near the cabin we were told about at the blacksmith's shop."

"I fear," returned Mr. Randolph, "that we have lost the road entirely. In fact, I am very positive of it. We can do nothing I think, but wait until it's all become light enough for us to again resume our journey."

While Mr. Randolph was speaking, the wind lulled for a few moments, and there came a cry which caused John Glover to start with terror. Mr. Randolph, who was crouched beneath a tree, started to his feet and laid his hand on his pistol. Again the cry broke forth, and Mr. Randolph commanded John to search in the saddle bags for a box of matches.

"It's some wild animal, I suppose," said Glover, his teeth chattering with fear.

"No," said Mr. Randolph, whose practised ear knew the cry of beasts too well to be deceived, "'tis a human voice, and the cry is one of distress."

In a few moments Mr. Randolph had lighted a pocket lantern and was peering about him with John Glover cautiously standing in the rear.

"Follow me, John," said Mr. Randolph, and immediately he pushed his way among the bushes, while he listened for a repetition of the cry.

Once again it came, and it seemed so near him that he started back and stood perplexed. Just then a vivid flash of lightning lit up the forest and he saw something white lying upon the ground, about a dozen yards in advance.

Mr. Randolph darted forward and seized the object, which proved to be a female child of some eighteen months old, who was badly bitten on the shoulder by some wild animal. He took the little creature in his arms and carried her back to where the horses were tied.

"What are you going to do with it, sir?" inquired John.

"That thought was crossing my mind at that moment," replied Mr. Randolph, "I can scarcely imagine. First, I must try and discover who has lost a child in this part of the country, and by that means endeavor to find out the parents of this poor creature."

"And suppose you can't find them?" suggested John.

"Then I suppose I shall have to adopt her as my daughter," replied Mr. Randolph.

"But you are not married, sir," said John.

"And never am likely to be," responded Mr. Randolph, upon whose mind came the memory of one he loved who had passed away from earth and left a lonely man.

"We must not anticipate," he continued. "To-morrow may bring the parents of this poor little child to light."

When daylight came Mr. Randolph found that he had wandered a good way off the road, and the sun was well up ere he gained the cabin at the edge of the forest. It was inhabited by an old hunter by the name of Stubbs. He gave Mr. Randolph a hearty welcome, and was not long in preparing a hot breakfast.

"Well, I never heard of such a thing before," said Stubbs, looking at the child with curiosity. "There's no one living within twenty miles of this place, and I can't imagine how she came to be in the wood. Old Bill Smoot's cabin is a good twenty miles from here, and Dan Neal is ten miles from him, and that's all the people there are this side of the State line.—Neither Bill nor Dan are married, and it's passing strange where the young one came from."

"I wish you would take a ride through the forest," said Mr. Randolph to Stubbs. "Take the whole day to search for some person claiming this child. I will remain here until you return," and he placed a piece of gold in the hunter's palm.

"I'm afraid you'll have to father that young one," he exclaimed, addressing Mr. Randolph, "I've ridden nearly forty miles to-day, and hear nothing from anybody who has lost a child. Perhaps she has been lost purposely."

Mr. Randolph looked serious. Such an idea had not occurred to him, but from the moment he heard the words of the old hunter he mentally vowed that he would adopt the child if her parents were not discovered.

Seventeen years later, Madge Randolph, as the foundling was denominated, had become the reigning belle of the town of L——.

Mr. Randolph had occasion to make a trip to the State of Dourango, in Mexico, and for the purpose joined a party of traders who were starting for Independence. All the men went armed, and had much experience in Indian fighting; so they felt pretty much at ease on that score.

After two weeks' travel beyond Smoky Hill Fork, they came upon a camp of Sioux Indians who had a white woman in bondage. Several of the traders offered to purchase her freedom, but she was the wife of a chief who refused her any proposition involving her leaving him. The poor creature seemed particularly desirous of entering into conversation with her countrymen, but the Indians rudely thrust her back when she implored to be taken back to civilized life.

That afternoon the Indians broke up their camp and went away westward. The traders had doubled their offers to the Indians, but they would not release their captive. The same night, when the traders were in camp they were suddenly aroused by the sound of approaching horse-hoofs coming at a rapid gallop. A few moments later and the woman whose freedom they had been trying to obtain sprang from a pony exclaiming:

"For heaven's sake, my countrymen do not give me up. I have escaped but they will soon be after me."

The traders instantly held a council.—The savages outnumbered them twenty to one; there was no hope of making a successful resistance.

"Some one must fly with the woman back to Independence—and there's not a moment to be lost," cried several voices.—"Who'll do it?" inquired the leader.

No one spoke; the men all had goods upon the train and could not desert them.

"I have no property to risk," said Mr. Randolph, after a few moment's reflection, "my business is urgent 'tis true, but I'll take her back or perish in the attempt."

A few minutes later and Randolph and the woman were flying as fast as the horses could carry them back to Missouri.

Just before the break of day the Indians appeared at the trader's camp and demanded the woman. They were assured she was not present, neither did they know where she was. It was not until the savages made a strict search of the wagons that they were convinced that they were on the wrong trail; but their disappointment was so great that they made an attack upon the traders. A smart fight revealed to them that they would have to obtain reinforcements if they desired to capture the train, so they withdrew and left the traders in peace.

After two days' hard riding, Mr. Randolph and the woman reached a post of dragoon soldiers and were given escort who saw them safe to Leavenworth. The following is the story the poor woman told Mr. Randolph:

"I was born of respectable parents, my father being a farmer in western Missouri. I was married at an early age, and after the birth of a daughter, my husband started to go to Independence for the purpose of entering into business, taking the child and myself with him. After traveling some days we entered a great forest, and before we were aware of it, we found ourselves surrounded by a dozen Indians, who had crossed the line on a stealing expedition. They shot my husband before my eyes, and were going to kill my babe when I begged for its life. One of the savages, who seemed to have some authority, prevented my child from being murdered, but refused to let me have it, and it was left upon the ground to die, while they hurried away, bearing me off a captive. The sufferings I have endured I would not relate if I could. I was often tempted to destroy myself, but the thought of regaining my freedom, and hope that my child might have been providently found, stayed my hand when I would have taken my own life."

Such, in brief, was the history given by the poor woman, whose name was Baker.

Mr. Randolph listened with breathless interest to her narrative, and when she had concluded he asked her if she remembered on what day of the month and the year her misfortune occurred. Her reply was prompt. She named the year and stated that it was on the 26th of July, the day being Sunday.

"I shall never forget it while I live," she continued. "Life has only been a burden to me since."

Mr. Randolph was satisfied that the mother of his adopted daughter was before him.

With some little circumlocution he gave an account of his adventure in the forest, and stated the manner in which the infant he found was dressed. When the poor woman heard this she threw herself at Mr. Randolph's feet, and wept tears of gratitude and joy, while she kissed his hands.

Madge Randolph married well, and continued through life to love her adopted father, while she became a comfort and solace to her unfortunate mother.

RECEIPT FOR PROSPERITY.—If the following rules were more generally observed we would hear much less complaint about hard times:

1. Let every youth be taught some useful art, and be trained to industry and thrift.

2. Let every young man lay aside and keep sacredly intact a certain proportion of his earnings.

3. Let every youth set out with a fixed determination to engage in business for himself, and let him put his determination into practice as early in life as possible.

4. Begin in a small, safe way, and extend your business as experience shall teach you is advantageous, and advertise judiciously.

5. Keep your own books and know constantly what you are earning, and just where you stand.

6. Do not marry until in receipt of a profitable, certain income—sufficient to live on comfortably.

7. Never get into debt. A man who owes nothing can never fail.

8. Let every man who is able to buy a farm upon which to bring up his sons do so. It is on the farm that the best men morally and intellectually are turned out.

9. Bear in mind that your business can not be permanently prosperous unless you share its advantages equally with your customers. An all turkey, all buzzard system of business can never succeed in the long run. Both parties to a transaction must be mutually benefitted if the trade is to be kept up.

10. Experience has shown that a scrimping policy with employes is not the most profitable for the employer. Live and let live is the best theory.

11. Never get your business so much extended that you are driven to take in a partner. If you engage in a partnership at all, let it not be forced upon you.

12. If you find yourself incompetent to manage a business successfully, settle down contentedly to work for wages, do your best for your employer, make his interest your interest, and shape your expenditures so as to live within your income. Every one is not qualified by nature to manage successfully; but as much real happiness is enjoyed in a salaried position as any other, if the individual be only frugal and content.

13 Don't seek political office. [That evidently means us.]

14. Aim to be just and fair in all your dealings, and cultivate a good reputation for paying promptly.

ON the ice-covered street, trod a maiden's feet, where boys who love sliding, were on the ice gliding. Not a scream was heard, nor a shriek nor a shout, as her heels flew from under; but she looked to see that no man was about, and then—yelled like thunder. The legs of her hose were blue and red, and the stripes run round and round; and the little boy said: "Lookie here, what I have found—a gum elastic."

A MODEL buy-word—Cash.

"CALL A MAN."

A plain, unassuming, bashful young man was John Allred, living with his mother on a good farm, left him by his father, who was dead. They were in excellent circumstances, and John was as happy as a well-to-do farmer could be. He was no fool, either, for he had a good library, and he read it, too, and gained a great deal of useful knowledge. John was good looking, not a handsome man (for there are none), but a tall, finely-formed man. But John had one failing in my eyes—he was twenty-six years old and not married. Nor was there any prospect of such an event happening very soon, for of all the bashful men that ever wore a shirt collar, John was the worst. The girls in that immediate vicinity were strangers to him; John always avoided everything that wore a dress, save his mother and sister.

John's mother was a quiet, loving woman, who ever had uppermost in her mind the happiness of her children; consequently she had for some time secretly wished that John was married.

Gertrude, John's sister, was a very pretty young lady, and also shared her mother's wish, but how to bring it about she could not imagine.

In the same neighborhood lived Judge Clark, who had a daughter named Mabel. Now John had for a long time secretly admired Mabel, and although he never betrayed it, his sister had guessed his secret and resolved to bring about a match between the two, but just how to do it she did not know.

It happened in July, the anecdote I am now in shape to relate. Gertrude had invited a number of girls to a quilting party one afternoon, Mabel among the rest. She told John they were coming, and added:

"Now, John, for my sake, do come in to tea this afternoon. You know all the girls that will be here, and—"

"But, Gertrude, that patch of timothy by the north wood must be cut, and as Jim has gone to stay over Sunday, I shall have to cut it."

And so, much to Gertrude's chagrin, he took his scythe over his shoulder after dinner and started for the patch of timothy. But he lingered around the orchard until he saw the plump form of Mabel Clark coming, and then, heaving a sigh, he started for his work.

The patch of timothy referred to was a newly cleared piece of land, nearly surrounded by woods, and so full of stumps and log piles that it was impossible to use the machine. Here we leave John mowing, and return to the party.

It was a very warm day, so the girls had moved the quilt out doors in the shade of some maples, and there they sat, chatting, joking and laughing, as only a party of light-hearted girls can.

Meantime John had mowed several times across the patch, and it began to be very hot. The sun poured its rays down with great intensity, and the thick woods on all sides kept off any breeze that might be stirring. John was more than hot; he was fairly boiling, and as thirsty as an old toper. So John, thinking that no one could possibly see him, sat down on a log and took off his shoes and pantaloons, and then with only his long gingham shirt, a wide-rimmed straw hat, and his socks, resumed his mowing. He had mowed twice across the piece, and was picking out the tall grass around an old log pile, when right beside him he saw a pair of blue racers.

John was no coward, but he was mortally afraid of a snake. If he had been warm before, he was a lump of ice now.

With a dash of his scythe he cut off the head of one of them, and the other raised its head and darted toward him. John dropped his scythe, turned and jumped, just as the hooked teeth of the snake caught above the wide, firm hem of the rear end of his gingham shirt.

He cast one look behind and saw his dreaded enemy streaming out like the pennant from a steamship—and thinking only of the terrible fate that awaited him if he stopped, bounded toward the house with the speed of an express train.

On he ran, through the north meadow and orchard, and as he neared the house the thought of the party flashed on his mind. But there was no other way, so he ran on.

He dashed down past the west end of the house, and as he rounded the corner the whole party of girls met his view.

"Call a man!" he yelled, and then turned the corner. So great was his momentum that the snake swung around and struck him on his bare legs like the sharp sting of a rawhide whip.

The girls screamed and jumped, and the quilt went over on the ground. The vision sped around the corner, and once more came the cry—

"Call a man!"

So quicker did he disappear around the corner of the house than he would appear at the other corner. Every time he turned the corner he would receive a blow from the snake, which would raise him from the ground at least four feet, and at every blow he would yell—

"Call a man!"

The frightened girls rushed for the house, and they had hardly got inside the door as John flew past with the shout—

"Call a man!"

Down across the road he went, leaping the gate at a bound, and as he cantered through the flock of hens, scattering them in all directions, the shout rose loud and clear—

"Call a man!"

Around the barn, back again toward the house went the strange pair, and as the gate was again leaped came the cry this time of—

"For God's sake, call a man!"

As he again disappeared round the house Mabel Clark ran out of the door, and seizing a stick some four feet in length, stationed herself at the corner with the cudgel elevated above her head. On came John, panting like an engine, and as he came around the corner, down went the club, barely grazing John's head, but striking the racer a blow that broke its head and back at the same time.

John concluded not to wait, but gathering his remaining strength for a final dash, bounded into the house, up stairs and into his room.

An hour later Gertrude tapped at his door. "John, will you come down to tea, or shall I 'call a man?'"

"I will come down, Gertrude," was his answer, in a firm tone.

He made a careful toilet, and there was not a feature of his face that betrayed embarrassment. Mabel had exacted a promise from the girls not to speak of the episode, or betray any knowledge of it whatever.

Mabel had John's company home that night, and in the glorious October weather there was a wedding at Judge Clark's. It was not until then that the story came out; but John often says to Mabel, "I am thankful to Providence that you didn't 'call a man.'"

Stephen Langton, the Great Ecclesiastical Commoner.

BY HON. S. S. COX, M. C.

Six hundred and fifty years ago, on the 9th of July last, the spirit of Stephen Langton left the body. He had been Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal of the Catholic Church, a learned scholar and author, philosopher and theologian; and above all a practical friend of the people, and a lover of liberty and law.

His theological and scholastic works are no longer extant; his dust, though coffined in rugged stone, has long since mouldered and mingled with that of others less conspicuous; the insignia of his rank, the personal grace and dignity of his manners, may be forgotten; the very place of his birth is disputed by three English counties, but his memory will be cherished so long as liberty lives, as the first signer of Magna Charta! He was the most efficient promoter of its principles up to November, 1214, when its bases were drawn; and in June, 1215, its leading champion, when it was consummated. Indeed, it was in its best sense, as a popular charter, his paper. He watched over its observance, as if it were his offspring.

* * * * * * *

That charter never lost its, emphasis.—It gave freedom to serf. To the law, it added reverence. It made habeas corpus.—It made the humblest house of the citizen his castle, Hallam calls it the keystone of English liberty. It is more. It is the arch of human freedom. It not only spanned the land, but the sea. It assured liberties hitherto unknown to mankind, and suited to all the varied and novel relations of our new world! It made the American revolution and the Declaration of Independence. It is engrafted on all our constitutions. Our "bills of rights" are copied from its catalogue of liberties. It is the foundation of our rising empires. It is a protest against exclusive privileges and prerogatives, whether in lands, bridges or fisheries. It made the last will and testament sacred. It gave dower to the widow. It prevented frauds in weights and measures, by making uniformity. It brought justice within the reach of all, by courts of assize and circuit. It made borough and cities sure of their charters. It added new impulse to trade, and gave wings to commerce, by giving to them freedom from exactions. It gave glory to the realm by exalting right above the gross and mercenary devices of the proud and powerful, while it gently placed the hand of liberty within that of law.

Well might *Te Deum Laudamus* be sung in Westminster for such a charter! Well might censers swing and music swell in its praise; and even thundering anathemas be hurled against those who sought to abridge its blessings or darken its splendors.

For this great charter, let the organ renew its swelling peal; let new songs intertwine their harmonies; and among arcades and pillars and niches and shrines, in new, vast and consecrated cathedrals of a new hemisphere, where liberty loves to worship? let the divine effluence steam in, through religions forms of saint and apostle, from the Father of all Light, as seven centuries ago it streamed in upon the august presence of King, Lord, and Commons, in Westminster Abbey, when Stephen Langton, the great primate and statesman of Western Europe, stood up in their midst to hallow the great charter, in the name of the ever blessed God and His Son, Jesus Christ!

A DOG AND PIG STORY.—There is a dog at Taupo and also a young pig, and these two afford a curious example of animal sagacity and confidence in the bona fides of each other. These two animals live at the native pah on the opposite side of Tapuaeharuru, and the dog discovered some happy hunting grounds on the other side, and informed the pig. The pig being only two months old, informed the dog that he could not swim across the river, which at that spot debouches from the lake, but that in time he hoped to share the adventures of his canine friend. The dog settled the difficulty. He went into the river, standing up to his neck in water, and crouched down; the pig got on his back, clasping his neck with his forelegs. The dog then swam across, thus carrying his chum over. Regularly every morning the two would in this way go across and forage around Tapuaeharuru, returning to the pah at night; and if the dog was ready to go home before the pig, he would wait till his friend came down to be ferried over.—The truth of this story is vouched for by several who have watched the movements of the pair for some weeks past.—*New Zealand Paper.*

KNEW IT OF COURSE.—A Detroit grocer, who has a little time to study human nature, and who'd save money if he only had a little more time, wrote a note to several parties selected for the occasion to the effect that he had lost his account books and must depend upon their honor to call and give in the balance against them. One of them replied that he presumed he owed three or four dollars, when the books showed that he owed $28; another thought there might be a possible balance against him, though he had been very careful to pay cash down, and yet his account was $14 and over. Out of twelve or fourteen customers, the grocer found one who replied that he owed $3.80, being fifty cents too much. He then wrote to each that he had found his books, and sent statement of account, and as they dropped into the store, one at a time, each laughed, shook hands, and remarked: "I knew it was one of your jokes of course, and so I thought I'd give you a chance to play it clear through!"

MR. MOORE, having many years ago fallen out with three neighbors, and having also three old pear trees that had never borne, named one for each of the three neighbors, and made his hands whip the stems of the trees with stout hickories every morning during the Winter, and next Spring the trees bloomed and bore a full crop. He also tried whipping a tree that bloomed but never fruited, and with success.—*True Kentuckian.*

A GHOST STORY.

From an article recently published in the New York *Sun* in relation to New Geneva, Fayette county, Pennsylvania, a sleepy old village, founded by Albert Gallatin, and called by him in honor of his native place in Switzerland, we extract the following:

Just above New Geneva, overlooking the little town and a bold bend in the river, stands an old stone house. It is now a pair of Friendship hill, and is just within the entrance to the place. Beyond it is a deep wood, through which the road winds to the Gallatin mansion. But it never, I believe, belonged to Mr. Gallatin. In his day it was the property of a roystering bachelor Irishman, named Tommy Clare, and was the scene of all wild revels, such as Lever would have delighted to paint, but which in those times no decent rustic community would tolerate. Clare's fine bottom lands were covered with a luxuriant peach orchard, and peach brandy and honey was the tap at his feasts. It was in the days of slavery, before Tom the Tinker and the whisky insurrection, that old Tommy Clare had barbecues, and horse races, and dances, and all sorts of furious frolics, under sinister patronage in and about this old house. But the time came when Tommy's purse gave out, and his liver swelled under this course of life; and his bones now rest in a rude and neglected enclosure near his house, surrounded by those negro servants. The briers grow densely over the graves, the morter has crumbled from the wall, and the loosened stones have rolled down to mingle with those which mark the graves, and fill the cavities made by the sinking earth. It is said that Tommy did not die peacefully. His conscience was loaded with a dark secret. Tradition relates that, when Tommy's exchequer had run low, a pedler sought accommodation at his house one stormy night, and was never seen again. He was murdered by a giant negro slave by Clare's command, and his body buried in the sand bank across the road. But on the floor of the room where he was killed a blood spot had resisted soap and sand ever since, and the struggle of the doomed peddler and the black giant is repeated nightly by their troubled spirits.

It was during some conversation about these old traditions—and as traditions only I have given them—that Mr. Osburne Hare, a respectable carpenter of the neighborhood, whom I have known for many years, and for whose high character I can personally vouch, told me the most remarkable ghost story I ever heard.

One morning, about fifteen years ago, Mr. Hare left his house, after sunrise, to go to his work, in the direction of New Geneva. He walked rapidly, and, just before the road entered a piece of wood known as the Fallen Timbers, he saw in advance of him a tall man walking slowly. Supposing it to be one Dugan, of his acquaintance, he quickened his pace, but before overtaking him he discovered his mistake, and then began to examine the man narrowly, for a stranger in those parts was uncommon. He was very tall and thin. He had no coat, and his shirt sleeves were rolled up to the shoulders. His arms were as thin as pipe stems and as white as snow. His shirt and trousers were of the same color, a sombre drab. By the time Mr. Hare had made these observations he perceived another man coming in an opposite direction. This was Jim Dougherty, a stone mason, going to his work "across Chest." Dougherty, like Hare, was a man of good character, iron nerves and proverbial courage. Hare observed him say good morning to the stranger, then shrink to one side of the road and hasten by. When he came up to Hare his face was pallid. "Hare," said he, "do you know that man?" "No."—"Well, don't overtake him," continued Dougherty. "It'll scare you to death. "It's a dead man." The look of the stranger as he partially turned his face in reply to Dougherty's cheery salutation had almost paralyzed the latter. He could not tell precisely what it was that seemed to freeze the blood in his veins; whether the ghastly pallor of the skin, the shrunken features, or the unearthly glare of the fixed eyes; but he knew and declared to the day of his death that he had spoken to a walking corpse. Hare was startled, but being in a hurry and ashamed to be frightened by a ghost in broad daylight, he said he would go on. Just then the stranger, upon whom the men kept their eyes fixed, turned the corner of the fence which divided the woods from a field. There he seemed to sit down on the first corner, and Mr. Hare took the opportunity to push past Dougherty going the other way. When a few steps beyond the corner Hare could not resist the temptation to look back. There was no man to be seen. He had sunk apparently into the earth. He could not have gone farther than the first corner behind the fence without being seen by Hare and Dougherty, and could not have dodged off into the woods, for the space he must have crossed was, like the fence, in full view. Mr. Hare now turned about, determined to explore the mystery. He scrutinized the fence, the field, and the woods, but found no trace of him. Hare was an experienced woodsman, and is convinced that no man of flesh and blood could have gone in and out of that fence corner without leaving some trail or sign which he would have detected, even if the whole affair had not occurred within his actual view. Mr. Hare is a Christian man. His faith is bottomed on the rock of ages. He does not believe in ghosts. He believes that those who go to a place of rest do not want to return, and those who go to the prison house of the lost, cannot if they would. But he says that if the dead are ever permitted to walk the earth, "this man," to use

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - - JAN. 31, 1879.

In forming the House committees, the Speaker placed Mr. Fenlon on the Committee on Appropriations, on the Judiciary General, and on Pensions, Mr. Woodruff was assigned to the Committee on Labor and Industry, on Printing, and on the Bureau of Statistics.

THE Philadelphia *Times* almanac for 1879 is fully equal, and in some respects superior, to the two similar annual publications which have preceded it. It is replete with the result of last year's elections, in this and other States; contains a digest of the election law of Pennsylvania, a list of the President Judges and the counties composing their districts, the names of the members of the legislature, as well as the members of Congress, and is otherwise a complete compendium of such additional useful information as renders it invaluable as a book of reference.

CAMERON'S organ at Harrisburg declares that the Republicans in the Legislature elected him to the Senate "because they trusted him." The prevailing impression throughout the State, and especially at Harrisburg, is that, like his father before him, whenever the Senatorship was to be won, he asks for neither trust nor credit, but does business on a strictly cash basis. Those of the immortal "twenty-five" who refused to attend the ring caucus, but who afterwards saw the error of their ways and voted for Don, no doubt acted on the old adage, that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

THE veteran editor of the Butler *Herald*, Jacob Zeigler, Esq., more familiarly known as "Uncle Jake" Zeigler, is a candidate for the office of Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate. That he would make a most efficient and excellent officer will be cheerfully admitted by every one who knows him, and we doubt very much whether any other gentleman seeking the position possesses as many essential qualifications for a proper discharge of its duties as Mr. Zeigler does. The Senate will be fortunate in its selection if "Uncle Jake" succeeds in his candidacy, as we earnestly hope he may.

UNITED STATES SENATORS were elected last week in the ten following named States: Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Arkansas, Florida and North Carolina. All the Senators elected are of the same political complexion as that of the members whose seats they will take in the next Congress, with three exceptions. In Connecticut, Platt, Republican, succeeds Barnum, Democrat; in Florida, Call, Democrat, succeeds Conover, carpet-bagger, and in Arkansas, Walker, Democrat, succeeds Dorsey, carpet bagger, being a Republican gain of *one* and a Democratic gain of *two*.

HENDRICK B. WRIGHT'S tub, which he has been anxious for a long time to throw to the popular whale, was irretrievably swamped in the House at Washington, on Monday last. We refer, of course, to his hobby of a contribution by the general government of five hundred dollars to be paid to each head of a family, to enable him to settle upon the public lands. The carpet-baggers promised the colored voters of the South forty acres of land and a mule, but Wright, in the fullness of his generosity, proposed to give every married man four times forty acres, and also to make him a present of a five hundred dollar greenback note, to enable him to go West. On Monday Wright's bill came regularly before the House, and was defeated by a vote of 22 ayes to 212 nays. This were buried Hendrick B. Wright's fond hopes of legislative immortality.

MR. WELSH, a Greenback member of the Legislature from Schuylkill county, has introduced a bill into that body in reference to the eight hour a day labor question, which provides that "any corporation, contractor, lessee, or employer, who shall compel employees to labor more than eight hours for a day's work, shall, for the first offense, be fined not less than $1,000, and imprisoned not less than three months; for the second offense the fine shall not be less than $5,000, and an imprisonment of not less than two years for the third offense." Suppose a laboring man makes a contract with his employer to work ten hours a day for a stipulated sum for that many hours, we would like to know what this Schuylkill county statesman would propose to do about it? If such a contract is valid, as it is admitted to be, what virtue or force would there be in Welsh's bill, if it became a law? It would be like a certain act of the English Parliament through which O'Connell declared he could drive a coach and six.

JOHN F. HARTRANFT has illustrated the truth of the saying of a great man, that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Instead of going to Berlin as the American Minister, he has accepted from Gov. Hoyt the appointment of Major General of the Pennsylvania militia, or National Guard. This office was created by the militia law passed at the session last winter, and has remained vacant ever since. Hartranft could have filled it, but he seems to have reserved the place for himself, to meet any emergency that might arise, so far as he himself was personally concerned. There is no provision in the law attaching any salary to the position, except when the militia is in active service, but as Republican Legislatures in this State are not in the habit of creating offices without any pay, it may be taken for granted that the latter part of the business will be attended to at the proper time.—Hartranft has not been holding office for the last twelve years for the mere sake of glory, and we don't believe he will do so now for any great length of time.

WE inferred from the brief and pointed address of Henry M. Long, when he was elected Speaker of the lower branch of the Legislature, that we were to have a brief and actively working session, and yet it took him *fifteen* days to make up his committees. The reason assigned by him for this extraordinary delay was that he might inform himself of the business, or occupation in life, of each member, in order to properly locate him on the committees. It never occurred to him that he could accomplish that purpose in half a day by simply requesting the members from his place in the chair to furnish the desired information in writing to the clerk for his (the Speaker's) use. Mr. Long was a Cameron man, and the true reason, well understood at Harrisburg, for his failure to announce the standing committees within the ordinary time, was to hold them in terror over the heads of the Republican members who refused to take part in the Cameron caucus. Whether the fear of incurring Long's vengeance by refusing to vote for Cameron, or whether Cameron's "sugar," or his "soap," (the terms mean the same at Harrisburg,) exercised the most potent influence, all but *two* of the rebellious members were convinced that Cameron was a most proper man for Senator. We have referred to this matter mainly for the purpose of showing that Mr. Long's practice is not up to his promises, and that if the session is to be a short one he has made a very sorry beginning. He can contribute much to make it so even yet, however, if he acts well his part. We will wait and see.

WE do not know precisely how many acres of land are owned by the State at Harrisburg, upon which the public buildings are erected, but do not suppose they exceed six, and certainly not eight. The ground is enclosed by an iron fence—is laid out in walks, and planted with a large number of shade trees. That it should require one man, called a Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, another called his assistant, as well as several watchmen, to see that somebody don't carry off said buildings and grounds, or do some great injury to them, passes human belief, but such is the fact, as the report of the Auditor General shows. The Superintendent, W. H. Patterson, received for his salary last year, $1,386.95; for improvements and repairs there was paid $9,000, and for watchmen $4,500—making in all $14,899.95. This sum would buy a couple of what are called good farms in Cambria county. The appointment of the Superintendent is vested in the Governor, Auditor General and State Treasurer, who, just before Hartranft went out of office, appointed Gen. Ross Hartshorne to that position, with E. B. Cobaugh, a "Democratic wheel horse" of Dauphin county, to be his assistant. A friend of Hartshorne has sent him a *plow*, to remind him that he ought to go to work on his enclosure and do something to earn his salary. This "public buildings and grounds" swindle is one of the things at Harrisburg that loudly calls for reform, and ought to be cut up by the roots. It is a monstrous outrage.

GOVERNOR HOYT, on Tuesday last, just one week after his inauguration, sent to the Senate the name of M. S. Quay as Secretary of the Commonwealth, and the nomination was confirmed by a vote of 44 yeas—nays, none. At the same time, David H. Lane was nominated for Recorder of Philadelphia, but he was rejected, there being only 27 votes in his favor, whereas the constitution requires two-thirds of the Senate, which is 34. Some of the city Senators were hostile to Lane, and the Democratic members, with three exceptions, declined to vote on the nomination. It is understood at Harrisburg that the delay in the nomination of Secretary was caused by Quay's refusal to give up the Recordership and return to his former position as Secretary, unless the Governor would consent to nominate Lane as his (Quay's) successor. This arrangement was finally agreed to by the Governor, with the result we have already stated, which was, no doubt, a perfect surprise to Quay and Lane, especially the latter. If Robert W. Mackey were still living he would have managed this business very differently, and would have either put Lane through or not have allowed his name to go to the Senate at all.—Quay evidently cannot wear Mackey's mantle with any degree of success.

OFFICIAL EXTRAVAGANCE.—Alluding to the squandering of the people's money at gubernatorial inaugurations in this State, the Lancaster *New Era* very cogently remarks:

> We are compelled to state—and we do so with the utmost regret—that a reign of extravagance is threatened that bodes no good to the people of the commonwealth. At the very outset, our legislators have not shown a disposition to unite in a measure of economy which every dictate of prudence and good housekeeping should have gladly adopted. The joint resolution introduced by Senator Ermentrout to limit the expense of inauguration of Gov. Hoyt to one thousand dollars was referred, and that we have good reasons for believing will be the last heard of it. The wisdom of this resolution will be best understood by a reference to the costs incurred at previous inaugurations:
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> | | | | |
> |---|---|---|---|
> | Gov. Packer's Inauguration in | | 1858 | $ 229.63 |
> | " Curtin's 1st | " | 1861 | 571.81 |
> | " " 2d | " | 1864 | 1,002 78 |
> | " Geary's 1st | " | 1867 | 1,236.67 |
> | " " 2d | " | 1870 | 1,841.42 |
> | " Hartranft's 1st | " | 1873 | 4,074.19 |
> | " " 2d | " | 1876 | 4,247.00 |
>
> Of what earthly service the National Guard can be at the inauguration it might puzzle the military heroes who called them out to tell. Why, then, must our impoverished State treasury be still further depleted to carry out this silly piece of official vanity? Few people are aware of the manner in which the money is spent on these occasions. Those who were at the Lochiel House at Harrisburg during the Hartranft inauguration will not soon forget the freedom with which champagne flowed. The payment of a large sum for fire works and other equally useless, not to say senseless, expenditures, is a question that deserves attention. We have a right to look for a determined stand against these corruptions and extravagance which reckless men would fasten on the people from the men whom we have chosen to represent us. More than ever have we cause to regret that the economy which marked the early days of the commonwealth has departed forever.

GENERAL SHIELDS appeared in the Senate of the United States on Monday last, and after the oath of office had been administered to him, took his seat as Senator from Missouri for the remainder of the present session.

HON. ISAAC P. CHRISTIANCY, U. S. Senator from Michigan, has been appointed and confirmed as Minister to Peru.

A Run into Kansas.

WHOM WE MET, WHAT WE SAW AND HOW WE FARED DURING A BRIEF VISIT TO SALINA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

[SECOND PAPER.]

We told our readers last week how we got to Salina, Kansas, and we propose now to tell them something about the town itself, or rather city, for it is a city of the second class, as well as of the people we met, the things we saw and the impressions we formed of that pleasant and prosperous place and its no less attractive and substantial surroundings.

As we have already said, the first place we found ourself after being taken in hand and ushered into a carriage at the railroad station by our young friend, John Geis, Jr., was at the Opera House, where we witnessed the closing scenes of a magnificent Fair, gotten up for the benefit of the Catholic church of Salina, of which Rev. Father Wibbert, a pleasant, progressive, and we need not add intelligent gentleman and devoted, zealous priest, is the much esteemed pastor. The Fair itself was patronized by nearly all classes of the community, and as an evidence of the liberality and public spirit of the people we may say that altho' it continued only two weeks, not less than $1,000 clear of all expenses were realized. Here we met several old acquaintances and had the pleasure of making quite a number of new ones, all of whom gave us a right royal welcome and expressed the hope that we would find it to our advantage to locate in their midst. Among the friends of other days who greeted us on this occasion we may mention Mr. William Berg, an enterprising young Cambrian, who with his brother Michael occupies one of the large and elegant store rooms on the ground floor and another on the second floor of the Opera House, both of which are filled to repletion with all kind of furniture for the living and the dead, in the sale of which they are meeting with well-deserved success, and of course are among the most prosperous as they are among the most respected citizens of Salina, to which may be added the fact that the first named is a member of city councils. Before leaving the Opera House it is well enough to say that the building, which cost about $20,000, is an ornament to the city and a pretty fair index of the progressive spirit which manifests in every public and private enterprise undertaken by the energetic citizens of that pleasant and prosperous place; and before turning our attention from old acquaintances to other subjects, it is meet and right that we should mention some not already named in our previous article whom we were greatly pleased to meet during our brief sojourn in Salina. Prominent among these we name Judge N. F. Carroll, more familiarly known in Johnstown, where he was born and raised, as well as in Altoona and elsewhere in this part of Pennsylvania, where he has hosts of warm friends, as "Nick" Carroll, who as a member of the real estate and insurance firm of Wight & Carroll is doing a thriving business, which would be greatly enhanced if the Judge's health was such as to permit him to give the business his constant personal attention. This, however, he has not been able to do for several years past owing to an asthmatic trouble, which seemed, we are glad to say, to be relaxing its rigors under a course of treatment suggested and at the time conducted by our worthy old friend, Mrs. John Geis, of Johnstown, who well deserves to be called a good Samaritan for her many kind acts and noble self-sacrifices on behalf of suffering humanity, and who, by the way, has a "warm side" for Salina and would much prefer to stay there. To our friend Nick, who came by his judicial title honestly, having very acceptably for several years filled the position of Police Judge, and to his amiable lady, a daughter of Wm. Anderson, Esq., a well known and greatly esteemed citizen of Blair county, our thanks are due for many pleasant hospitalities extended to us in their cheerful, comfortable and happy home.

Among others from this county who have located in or near Salina, we name Messrs. P. H. and Simon Berg, father and brother respectively of William and Michael, and also of Co. Sup't Berg, of this place, the former of whom we found contented and happy, though suffering somewhat from the effects of a surgical operation which he had undergone in St. Louis for the removal of a cancer wart from the left side of his face, and in possession of a splendid farm about four miles south of Salina, while Simon, who less than a month ago took unto himself a helpmate and companion for life, in connection with which our best wishes are tendered, is also the owner of a good farm adjoining his father's, and promises ere long to take rank among the most prosperous agriculturalists of Central Kansas.

Another old Cambrian whom we had the pleasure of meeting, and to whose comfortable home and fine farm three miles west by north of Salina we were kindly welcomed by himself and his good wife and family, who took care not to let us depart hungry, was Mr. Patrick Shanahan, who removed thence from Johnstown about five years ago, and is now not only the possessor of many broad and fertile acres, and as happy as the day is long, but has become famous for the excellence of the butter produced from his large herd of cows, and in the sale of which alone he has a bonanza scarcely surpassed by the entire income of an average farmer in this vicinity.

Besides these old acquaintances, we were glad to meet and greet several others hailing from this county, not the least noteworthy of whom was Mrs. Agnes Swartz, a daughter of Mr. John Geis and wife of Mr. Al. Swartz, a gentleman extensively engaged in the stove and tinware business and the possessor of a beautiful home and much other valuable property; Mrs. Frank Wilkinson, daughter of John Crouse, Esq., late of Johnstown, deceased, who resides on a farm twenty three miles distant from Salina; Rev. A. J. Hartsock, whom we found as full of life, energy and religious enthusiasm as ever; Mr. Aug. Kreuger, a skilful mechanic, formerly of Johnstown, who has won fame and accumulated a fair share of this world's goods by the erection by contract of many if not a majority of the best and most substantial public and private houses in that city; John A. Braniff, Esq., of the legal firm of Cravens & Braniff, who is gradually winning his way to success and has reason to hope that a prosperous future awaits him; Rob't Williams, a young Ebensburger, who reports work abundant and wages good in the plastering business, and several others of whom we have nothing special to tell.

This ends one chapter of our story, so to speak, but as we have not yet reached the culminating point even in regard to Salina, and haven't said a word about our visit to the celebrated Dounyer settlement, otherwise known as New Cambria, we must for want of time and space dismiss the subject until next week. Before closing our present sketch, however, we deem it proper to remark that so far as it is possible to judge from the progress Salina has already made, as well as from the spirit of enterprise and good will which seems to pervade all classes of the community, it is destined ere long to become second to no other city in that great and fast-growing State. Located as it is in one of the finest agricultural districts in Kansas, and being the capital, as is claimed, of the banner wheat-producing county in the commonwealth—a claim which our readers must admit is well founded when we assure them that the books at the banking house of Messrs. John Geis & Co., which is not the only institution of the kind in the city, show that from $2,500 to $7,000 per day were paid over their counter for wheat alone during last September, October and November—it does look as if Salina rests on a firm basis and that its prospects for future greatness are far from being "all in my eye, Betty Martin." In addition to all this, an effort is now being made by Mr. Wm. R. Geis and other leading citizens, who are calling meetings at various points in Saline and adjoining counties, and using all their powers of eloquence and sound argument, to induce the issuing of bonds so as to secure, as there is every reason to believe they will secure, the building of a branch road from Salina to connect with the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, thus furnishing them with a competing line and a direct outlet to the Gulf of Mexico. When this is done, as no doubt it will be, the growth and prosperity of Salina will be assured beyond peradventure, and the man who takes time by the forelock and goes West to grow up with the country will, we opine, attain the desired altitude in as brief a time, to say the least, by locating in or near Salina as at any other point in that great and if not now soon to be glorious young commonwealth.

A Short Study in Statistics.

The following from a late issue of the Cincinnati *Times* contains facts and figures which will interest and no doubt instruct all who peruse the article:

> The fear was expressed the other day that the vast emigration in progress towards the Western States would result, before long, in crowding the country. The maps will have to bear the responsibility of whatever misapprehension exists as to the comparative size of the various States. Men know, in a general way, that Rhode Island, Delaware and Connecticut have a small area in comparison with the great States of the West and South. But in the examination of atlases they have not taken into account the different scales, and many fall into queer errors about the size of States like Pennsylvania and Kansas, or New York and Colorado. They look at the county maps of the smaller and older States, and bring these in juxtaposition with the maps of thinly-settled communities, which are drawn on a much smaller scale. A few comparisons will serve to remove these misconceptions.
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> The area of the States ranges from Rhode Island with 1,306 square miles to Texas with 274,356. The area of England, exclusive of Wales, is 50,922. That of France, including the coast islands and Corsica, is 204,921. Take all the New England States together, and their area is 65,355—say one-fifth more than old England, but 5,000 more than the single State of Missouri. The area of France is only the little matter of 16,000 square miles greater than that of the single State of California, and as we have seen is 70,000 square miles less than that of Texas. England and Wales together are not equal to the Lone Star State.
>
> Maine, with 35,000 square miles, comprises rather more than half of the New England States, but Maine is not equal to Ohio, with its 39,964 square miles. Seven of the thirteen United States there are twenty with areas exceeding the area of Ohio. All the New England and Middle States together have a less area, 171,797 square miles, than California, with 188,981. If to these States are added Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, the area of these thirteen States is yet less by more than 2,000 square miles than the area of Texas alone.
>
> It would take very nearly seven such States as Ohio to equal Texas in territorial extent, more than two to equal Kansas, and scarcely two to equal Nebraska. And yet it would take more than five States of the size of Massachusetts to make up Ohio. Ohio, Indiana and Illinois combined have an area of 229,160 square miles, less by over 50,00 than California, and only 25,000 greater than Colorado alone. Nevada has an area of 81,350 square miles and is almost as large as the two States of New York and Pennsylvania put together. Oregon is 2,000 square miles more than the two combined. Michigan would hold seven States of the size of Massachusetts, and Texas more than 200 of the size of Rhode Island, five of the size of New York, and three of the size of Kansas. All of the New England States together would almost 30,000 square miles less in extent than Oregon and are 15,000 square miles less than Minnesota. Minnesota is more than double the size of either Ohio, Indiana or Virginia, and is equal to New York and South Carolina put together. So is Kansas. Nebraska is equal in extent to Pennsylvania and all the New England States, but Maine. Texas alone comprises more than one-eighth of the territory of the whole country. Texas, California, Colorado, Oregon, Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska are nearly equal in extent to all the rest combined.
>
> Now we turn to the statistics of population—to use the figures of the census of 1870. The relation of the States will be seen in another light.
>
> The population of the thirty-eight States, by the census, was 38,115,595. In round numbers, the square miles of these States foot up 3,000,000. France, with an area only about fifteenth as large, with an area only about five-sevenths that of a single State, had a population, in 1872, of 36,102,921. The population of England, whose extent is, as nearly as possible, that of Alabama, 51,000, in 1871, 22,712,266. The population of Texas, as compared with that of France, was 818,579, and that of Alabama, 996,992, against the 21,000,000 of England. There were only fifteen States out of the thirty-eight that had in 1870 a population of a million and over, though there were fourteen that had a larger area than England, that supported a population of over 21,000,000.
>
> The States towards which the tide of emigration is now setting are Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Texas and Colorado. Their united area is 630,000 square miles. Their population in 1870 was 1,985,341, a population which was a trifle in excess of that of Missouri, though their area was ten times as great. It was half a million more than the population of Massachusetts, and the area of these combined States is to that of Massachusetts as ninety is to one. Were these States as densely populated as Massachusetts, they would have a population nearly five times as large as that which at present dwells within the entire Union. Were these States as densely populated as Ohio, the number of persons dwelling within them would be 42,400,000. With the population they had in 1870, they were exceeded by four States, New York alone, that had less than one-twelfth of the area of these States, had more than double the population. Ohio, with only one-fifteenth of their area, had a population a third larger. Pennsylvania had a population nearly twice as large, though its area was 75,000 square miles less. If any one thinks of these under States as over-crowded, we suggest that he take a day's ride on any railroad running through Ohio, Pennsylvania or New York. If he is not surprised at the vast quantities of land that yet remain to be used, it can only be because he is familiar with the facts. If he has traveled abroad he will better understand the capacity of his country, and the vastness of the mighty domain that is waiting to be peopled.
>
> Uncle Sam has yet room for all the vast throngs that are turning to us. He has land enough and room enough to give us all a farm.

A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.—A special dispatch to the Pittsburgh *Telegraph* from Bradford, Pa., dated the 28th inst., gives the following particulars of a frightful boiler explosion and loss of life which occurred near that place on the night previous:

> One of the most terrible calamities that ever occurred in this vicinity took place between 5 and 6 o'clock last night on the Bradford Railroad, between Babcock's Mills and Foster Brook. By the explosion of one of the boilers of the engine, three men were instantly killed and three others so injured that they died last night. The others, including the Superintendent of the road, Mr. Allen, and R. H. Sterrett, one of the firm of Gibbs, Sterrett & Co., the builders of the fatal locomotive, were more or less injured, but not seriously.
>
> THE CAUSE OF THE DISASTER.
>
> The engine was new, and on the trial trip worked satisfactorily, but being overtaken by early darkness, not having no lights, the engineers were unable to note the pressure of the steam. The water also got low, exposing the crown-sheet.
>
> ELEVEN MEN HURLED INTO THE AIR.
>
> Upon starting up a terrible explosion occurred, hurling eleven men in the air in all directions, throwing the engine and car from the track, totally wrecking them and demolishing the road for several rods.
>
> Assistance was telegraphed for and responded to by the Narrow-Gauge Road, which sent out a special with physicians and means, who brought the dead and dying to the city.
>
> THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.
>
> The names of the killed are as follows: John Vaughn, engineer, sent from the works to test the engine; Mike Halleran, fireman; John Addis, employe; George Grogan, L. A. Shepard of Titusville; Thomas Luby. The wounded were as follows: Col. Allen, Superintendent of the Road; R. H. Sterrett, of the firm of Gibbs, Steurett & Co., Titusville; George Peterson, Oscar Shutt, Albert Garsides.
>
> Excitement in the city is intense, and the scene at the depot is harrowing.

Mint Director Liederman died Monday.

News and Other Notings.

—Broken Heart is a station on a Minnesota railroad.

—Dressed rabbits sell in Indiana, Kentucky and Illinois four for a dime.

—Hereafter every loaf of bread sold in Cincinnati must have its weight stamped upon it.

—Henry Clay Dean is a good lawyer and has practiced at nearly every bar in Iowa except a bar of soap.

—The trustees who were appointed to settle Archbishop Purcell's affairs commenced paying off the creditors on Thursday.

—The statistics of the unpretentious town of Akron, Ohio, show that there were thirteen elopements from that place within a year.

—Twenty one hundred and ninety pennies a man at Fond Du Lac, Wis., handed to a ticket agent in exchange for a $21.90 railroad ticket.

—James W. Gaff, the Cincinnati millionaire, who died on Tuesday, was a day-laborer forty-five years ago. He made his millions in distilling whisky.

—Rt. Rev. Dr. Lynch, of South Carolina, has presented to the Smithsonian Institute a fossil tooth found 1,900 feet below the surface of the ground at Charleston.

—Mrs. Captain Daniel Dobbins, of Erie, who died at that place last week in her ninety-ninth year, went there from Carlisle, the place of her birth, in 1800, on horseback.

—A fourteen-year old boy in Jackson county, Neb., resented his teacher's attempt to chastise him by drawing his trusty Toledo (O.) jack-knife and plunging it into the bireling's heart.

—The Baltimore *Evening Bulletin* makes public the heroism of two boys of that city, named William and George Buckley, who, between them, have saved nineteen lives. They deserve a monument.

—Ben Knimpelman and Jack Crowley, aged 13 and 14, were drowned in the river at foot of Russell street, Covington, Ky., Sunday, by the upsetting of a skiff through the collision of a coal barge.

—John Wakefield, of Bowling Green, recently deceased, was twice married, each time to a woman of nineteen, who died at the age of thirty-three, after having borne to him two sons and five daughters.

—Riley Johnston lived in Religious street, New Orleans, but the name of the street did not make him a good man, for he tied his daughter to a bedpost and whipped her with a strap until she died.

—Major Isaac Strickland, of Livermore, Me., has voted the Democratic ticket for sixty-one years and avows his readiness to say his *nunc dimittis*, now that the Pine Tree State has a Democratic Governor.

—"Praise the Lord!" cried a worshipper at the St. James Street Methodist Church, Montreal, when the minister told impressively how the reprieve for the Molly Maguires arrived just half a minute too late.

—Mrs. W. C. C. Foster, a widow residing about three miles east of Memphis, Tenn., was brutally murdered on Sunday night by unknown persons, who crushed her skull with a hammer. No clue to the murderers.

—The Catholic clergymen of Salem, Mass., are denouncing the use of beer and whisky as a waste when so many are suffering for need of the necessaries of life, and threaten public exposure of the dealers and drinkers.

—William Dougherty, a veteran Democrat of Estill county, Ky., died a few weeks ago, and at his request was buried on Tilden Hill, an eminence where in November, 1876, a salute was fired in honor of Tilden's election.

—Senator Lamar has astonished the railroad companies by returning all free passes sent him for 1879, and stating that a member of the United States Congress ought not to be under obligations to the railroads or other corporations.

—Susan Zentmeyer was a milkmaid in Lebanon, Pa. A cow kicked a boy off a stool and the sight struck her as so funny that she laughed her jaw out of joint, and had to remain all day with her mouth wide open, until a physician could be brought.

—The Atlantic ocean, if it were to be drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain ridge in the middle running parallel with our coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on the top of which lies the telegraphic cable.

—Mr. Howard, of Scottsville, Warren county, says the Corry *Herald*, lives with his wife in a shanty, and in a married life of twenty-one years seventeen children have been born to them. Mr. Howard does not chew nor smoke, and never uses an oath.

—At Joliet, Ill., one day last week, the 2,500 children attending the chools, and their teachers were taken out for a sleigh-ride in nearly 400 sleighs and cutters, headed by a band of music, fifteen barrels of apples being distributed to them at the reviewing point.

—A dancing idiot, ten years of age, is a resident of Indianapolis. Ever since his birth he has been going through the motions of a waltz to silent music. He is never still in his waking hours. His mother had danced to excess at a ball just before he was born.

—A woman of 40, residing at Fairfield, Me., is the mother of 17 children. During one twelvemonth she gave birth to two at different times, married off two and lost three by death. One of the two married sons lost his wife and was remarried within the same year.

—The Mobile *News* has offered a $100 silver cup for the best poem by a Southern author expressing the gratitude of the South to the North for its charity shown in the recent epidemic. Manuscripts must be sent in by February 10, and Father Ryan is one of the judges.

—Jim Porter, a remarkable negro dwarf, died at Evansville, Ind., recently, leaving his body to the doctors for dissection.—His head was found to measure twenty-five and one-half inches in circumference, his liver was twice the usual size and his thigh-bone no larger than the cloud seen by the prophet.

—About thirty years ago Senator-elect Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut, became the principal of an academy at Towanda, Bradford county, Pa. His predecessor in that position was Henry M. Hoyt. Tuesday week Mr. Hoyt was inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Platt was elected United States Senator.

—At Montville, about fifteen miles from Belfast, Me., on Saturday evening, John McFarland, a farmer, his wife and granddaughter were murdered by one Rowell, an insane man. Mrs. McFarland was shot with a gun, and the others had their brains beaten out. The murderer was afterwards shot and killed by a neighbor whom he had attacked.

—It is said that the biggest yarn of the season—the champion mid-winter snake story about a meteor falling chuck down through an Indiana farm-house and killing a farmer who was asleep—grew out of a wild oath made by the farmer, that if Dan'l Voorhees should be made Senator he hoped a star might fall and end the misery of his existence.

—On Thursday night a well-to-do farmer, named O. P. Hull, residing near the village of Watsonville, Iowa, arose in the night and with an axe split open the head of his daughter Emma, aged 18 years, and immediately thereafter shot himself with a pistol with fatal effect. No cause for the deed is known, as he was unusually fond of his family.

—In consequence of the recent secession of Anglican clergy to the Catholic Church, the vatican is considering in what way it can secure a wider field of action for the Church in England without offending against the existing laws. Instructions on this subject have been sent to Cardinal Manning.

—A scamp of tender years in Natick, Mass.,—eleven summers only has he known, and his name is William Moran—has developed a peculiar phase of kleptomania. Within three successive days he converted to his own use two steeds and an equal number of sleighs. Since his arms have had nine years pith he has feloniously appropriated not fewer than eight teams.

—A special dispatch says Jennie Manuel, of Terre Haute, Ind., was arrested Friday, proof having been obtained that Ishmael Manuel, a teacher in the colored schools, who died three weeks ago, came to his death by poison administered by Jennie, his wife. It is charged that she gave him morphine in a cup of coffee. The motive for the crime was an intimacy with a negro barber of Charleston.

—Jerry Black on Blaine: "Never you fear Blaine; he is like the wild rider of the fable who rode before a great multitude at full gallop towards the brink of a precipice, and when the people raised a shriek as his horse reared himself to spring over, he wheeled him short about and rode back, doffing his hat and smiling. That's the kind of a man Blaine is. You can trust him every time on a thing of this kind."

—A clock made entirely of bread has lately been received at Milan, Italy, from Peru. It was constructed by an Indian, who, having no means of purchasing material, saved a portion of the soft part of his daily bread for the purpose. He solidified it with a certain salt which rendered it very hard and insoluble in water. The clock keeps good time, and the case, also of hardened bread, displays artistic talent.

—Of seventeen samples of table syrups recently examined by R. C. Kendel, professor of chemistry in the Michigan State Agricultural College, fifteen proved to be made from glucose; one sample contained 141 grains of oil of vitriol and 724 grains of lime to the gallon, and another, which had caused serious sickness to an entire family whom he knew, contained 72 grains of oil of vitriol, 28 of copperas, and 363 of lime to the gallon.

—The Vatican will shortly take steps to re-establish relations with the Mexican Government. Should the negotiations prove unsuccessful, the wants of the Mexican Church will be supplied in the best manner possible, without the intervention of the government. The question of the possibility and expediency of rendering the Catholic Church in England directly dependent upon the people, instead of upon the congregation, propaganda fide, is still under examination.

—At seven o'clock Monday evening the boiler of a locomotive which was making a trial trip over the elevated railway exploded between Foster Brook and Babcock station, four miles from Bradford, Pa., instantly killing John Vaughan, engineer, and John Adds, a laborer, and fatally injuring George Cronan, conductor, C. L. A. Shepherd, assistant superintendent, and Mike Hollerin, fireman. Thomas Luby, Oscar Schutt, Alfred Garside and George Peterson were seriously injured.

—One of the funniest things happened near Poud Eddy, on the Erie Railroad, a day or two ago. As the New York express was passing along the Sullivan county mountains the passengers saw a large black bear and two half-grown cubs standing on the highest of the rocky peaks that overlook the Delaware river. They craned their necks until it was about to pass out of sight, when the mother bear hurriedly climbed a tree on the edge of the mountain and gazed at the monster of civilization until the last.

—The black death has again appeared in some parts of Russia, and has proved very destructive, and caused the greatest alarm. This is the same disease which in the fourteenth century, desolated the globe, and it gets its name from the black spots, symptomatic of a putrid decomposition, that show themselves at one of its stages on the skin of the sufferer. Persons attacked with it are said to die like flies, and the ignorant and superstitious peasantry are so terrified by it that many are thought to have perished of pure fright.

—Jacob Goodman, a butcher of Reading, when returning from Exeter township, Berks county, on Friday evening, was set upon by three negroes, who wanted his money. Two of them managed to get away at a limping gait, but very much worsted. The third was terribly battered up, and crawled to a stable near by, where he was found the next morning. After the encounter was over Goodman placed his arms akimbo and said: "If you two fellows that run away are about you can, come back again, if you want to." Jacob is evidently a Goodman to let severely alone.

—There was a strange scene at the depot at Springfield, Mass., a day or two ago, on the arrival of a body which was on its way to Troy for interment. It was necessary to transfer the box containing the remains from one train to another, and while this was being done a party who had been waiting for another body, which was to be interred in that city, assembled, at once around the box and began weeping freely. It was some time before they could be made to understand that the remains over which they were lamenting were not those of their friend, but of a stranger en route westward.

—Tilden says the opportunity he has long wished for to vindicate himself and confuse his enemies has come at last, and that before the investigation is finished the mountain of calumny which was got up purposely to crush him will be thrown back on the heads of of its inventors. It is not often that Mr. Tilden speaks out so vigorously, says the Pittsburg *Post*, and it is clear now that he means business. It also explain the opposition of a class of Democrats to the cipher investigation.—In their enmity to Tilden they were satisfied the case should rest on the *Tribune* expose, be it true or false.

—A woman living in a tenement in Philadelphia visited the attic of the house on Friday afternoon, and there found the woman who occupied the apartment sitting upon the floor, dead, with her arms folded and head bent forward, as though asleep. Her three children, aged respectively four, six and seven years, were huddled together in the corner, and did not know of their parent's death, stating that she had spoken to them about two hours previous, and had then, as they supposed, gone to sleep. She had been in destitute circumstances for some time past, and the neighbors had assisted her as well as they were able. It was evident that she died from want of proper food.

—An approximate statement of the business of all the lines of the Pennsylvania railroad company east of Pittsburgh and Erie, for December, 1878, as compared with the same month in 1877, shows a decrease in the gross earnings of $236,096, and an increase in expenses of $31,754, making a decrease in the net earnings of $267,670. The twelve months of 1878, as compared with the same period in 1877, show an increase in gross earnings of $519,588, a decrease in net earnings $1,079,062. All the lines west of Pittsburgh and Erie for the twelve months of 1878, show a deficiency in meeting all liabilities of $44,674, being a gain over the same period in 1877 of $278,583.

—Considerable surprise has been occasioned in Pittsburgh by the announcement that the will of the late R. W. Mackey would be contested by a woman who claims to have been legally married to the deceased some twenty years ago. The claimant alleges that two children were born to them in lawful wedlock, and she has placed her claim in the hands of reputable attorneys. The general opinion is that Mackey was too shrewd to allow any such question to remain unsettled at his death, and that the claimant allowed the matter to rest too long. However, the contestant will file claims in a few days, and until that time the attorneys decline to give any particulars.

—Mrs. Catharine Johnston and her husband, Hugh Johnston, were out sleighing, Monday of last week, between Rittersville and Catasauqua. While driving along the road she complained to her husband that she was getting cold. He covered her up with robes and left her in that position until they got to their home in Catasauqua. Great was his astonishment and grief when the sleigh stopped, for he found that his wife was a lifeless corpse sitting by his side. Mr. Johnston said he spoke several times to her on the way home, but received no answer. He thought she was cold and did not care to speak and so he did not feel any alarm. The cause of her death was heart disease.

—The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says that lawyers frequently have applicants for divorce who give singular grounds for their petition, but the most singular one came last week when a young woman of Westfield asked for a divorce from her newly-made husband because he had very thick lips. The lawyer told her that she could hardly get a divorce on that ground and suggested that the wife usually knew what kind of lips her husband had before marriage. The parties in question are well known in town and were married only a week or two ago, but separated the day after the ceremony. The husband is not over 22, and though a member of the church and never a liquor drinker, got drunk soon after the separation and in disgust has left town, where he had lived since a boy.

—A Utica (N. Y.) special to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* notes the death, aged sixty-six, of Hayes Hinman, who lived two miles east of that city. Although possessing the faculty of speech, he had not uttered two consecutive words for fifty years. When sixteen years old, hearing his father swear at a member of the family, he made a vow that he would never speak again. This vow was kept for seventy years. He then met with the accident which bruised the fingers of his left hand, the pale drawing from him the exclamation, "Oh!" On but one other occasion was he heard to speak. This time the word "See" was called forth by a snake that crawled over a sleeping child. A column might be filled by the recital of Hinman's eccentricities. Some of his devices to avoid conversation were crafty in the extreme. He was a close student, and he has left a voluminous diary during his fifty years of silence. He leaves a fortune of $24,000 to a nephew, with the admonition, "Keep your mouth shut." Notwithstanding his silence he was a favorite in the neighborhood in which he lived.

Home from Brazil.

The Harrisburg *Patriot* of Saturday contains some facts, elicited during a brief interview of one of its reporters with Capt. James Elder, of Newport, Perry county, who recently returned from Brazil, about the great railroad work of our fellow townsmen, Messrs. P. & T. Collins, which we deem worthy of reproduction here. The *Patriot* says:

> Captain Elder left Philadelphia on the Mercedita, for Brazil, on the 23d of January, 1878. The first installment of men for Brazil was composed of engineers, skilled mechanics, nearly all of them men of intelligent and moral character. They had a very long voyage owing to rough weather. The steamer grounded at Para and there the engineer corps changed the steamer Amway, which took them to Medeira, 300 miles from San Antonio. The steamer was re-coaled in a

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.

FRIDAY, - - JAN. 31, 1879.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

OUR NEW PRESS, the first of the kind ever brought to this State, is now in position to do what is demanded of it, and excites no little curiosity among all who have called to see it in operation. That it is a decided improvement on the old Smith press with which we have worried along for the last twelve years is pretty well shown, we think, by the present issue of the FREEMAN, the impression being much clearer and brighter, and when we get to understand it fully we know we can print a neater paper and hope to do the work more rapidly than by the old process. The new machine is known as the "Rack-Action Hand Press," and is simply a common proof press on a large scale, with improvements, automatically operated, for taking the paper similar, to those of a power press. The white paper is "fed" from an elevated table or board at each end, and when printed is taken from the cylinder and hung on hollow iron rods or gas pipes which extend parallel with and some distance below the elevated tables aforesaid. The press entire weighs about 2,100 pounds, fully one-half of which is comprised in the cylinder, the latter being so freighted that when started it passes over the forms and does the work by the force of its own momentum. It is the invention of Mr. John R. Rankin, a compositor employed on one of the daily morning papers in Indianapolis, from whom we purchased it while in that city less than a month ago. Being thus equipped, the next FREEMAN will appear with all its columns lengthened and an additional one added to each page, and as this must be accepted as an evidence of our desire to print a larger, better and neater paper, we sincerely hope our patrons will show their appreciation by renewing their subscriptions and paying up old scores at the earliest possible moment.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Flour at Barkers' at $1.20 per sack.

—Prime white beans wanted at Barkers'.

—Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. [1-3-1y.]

—Eggs wanted by A. A. Barker & Son at 25 cents per dozen.

—Note the reduction at Barkers' and save money by buying from them.

—John C. Sheetmaker, son of Mr. Joseph Sheetmaker, of Johnstown, died on Tuesday, aged 26 years.

—Oats and corn will be taken at Barkers' in exchange for goods and the goods will be sold at cash prices.

—Since the late reduction in prices, clothing can be bought at Barkers at about one-half the usual figures.

—Owing to illness, Representative Fenlon was unable to be in his seat in the House at Harrisburg this week.

—John Leghner is a new inmate of the county jail. He comes from Johnstown, and is charged with forgery.

—A bill for an insane asylum for Cambria, Blair, Somerset and other counties has been introduced into the Legislature.

—Mrs. Jones, relict of Mr. John O. Jones' died at her residence in this place on Sunday morning last, aged about 80 years.

—Mr. J. H. M'Cullough, formerly of this county, but now of Altoona, would like to be chosen Prothonotary of Blair county.

—Day after to-morrow, 2d proximo, will be Candlemas day; the 14th, St. Valentine's day, and the 22d, Washington's birthday.

—If you want a live daily paper, order the Pittsburg Daily DISPATCH. Subscription, $6.00 per annum. Address Rook & O'Neill, publishers. [12-13-6t.]

—The *Tribune* says it is understood that George W. Oatman, Esq., of this place, has in serious contemplation to become a resident of Johnstown.

—During the year 1878 no less than 260 injuries to body and limb of employes of the Cambria Iron Company occurred. Of these only 2 resulted fatally.

—A Jackson township man furnishes the cheering information that three feet more snow and lots of cold weather are yet in store for us this winter.

—Mr. E. V. Barker, teacher of one of our public schools, was unable to attend to his professional duties a couple of days this week by reason of illness.

—Our happiness is now complete, the *Legislative Record*, thanks to Senator Lemon, having already commenced its welcome visits to the FREEMAN sanctum.

—The libel case of Boughton *versus* the Altoona *Mirror* came up before the Blair county Court this week, but was continued on application of the defendants.

—The work of striking the difference between the receipts and the expenditures of the county for the past year will be completed by the board of Auditors this week.

—Mr. James E. Palmer has been appointed postmaster at Lloydsville, this county. The postoffice name of Smitten, Indiana county, has been changed to Trade City.

—An old lady named White was found in an unconscious condition in the back yard of her residence at Latrobe on Thursday last, and died soon after being discovered.

—Just received and for sale at the lowest cash prices at Barkers': Dried peaches, dried currants, prunes, canned corn, canned peaches, raisins, and a full line of groceries.

—Mr. Abram Blaine, barber, will on the first of April next remove his tonsorial establishment from its present location to the room now occupied by Dr. Hoffman, above the bank.

—Mr. N. C. Barclay, of the Altoona *Sun*, is the owner of a half-dime struck in 1792—the year the mint was established. Rare coin? Precious mint drop? Rich and happy editor?

—Mrs. John Neff, of Croyle township, died after a lingering illness Wednesday of last week, and the remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Wilmore the following Friday.

—A youthful tramp, only 14 years of age was run over by the cars at Latrobe on Tuesday and had both legs cutoff below the knees. He was taken to the Westmoreland county almshouse.

—The Spring election will be held Tuesday, 18th February, or two weeks from next Tuesday. What has become of the usual swarm of aspirants for office? Or must the office seek the man?

—A journeyman saddler now working in this place has the documents in his possession to prove that he took part in the long and difficult siege of Sebastopol. He was a private in the French army.

—Mr. Thomas Callan, of Loretto the recently appointed Mercantile Appraiser, has already got through with his duties in all the districts of northern Cambria except White and Chest townships.

—The ice on the Conemaugh and the Stony Creek broke up Tuesday morning and passed down stream. The water ran very high, and several gorges were formed, but no damage to property is recorded.

—Ex-Representative John Downey, of Johnstown, has been appointed Bank Examiner for the counties of Blair, Bedford, Cambria, Somerset and Westmoreland. Auditor-General Schell and State Treasurer Noyes did the appointing.

—A little daughter of Mr. Sam'l Mitchels, residing at Walnut Grove, in the vicinity of Johnstown, was badly scalded Wednesday afternoon, by pulling a tub containing boiling water from a chair and spilling the contents over her person.

—It is understood that 'Squire Jones will have no opposition from the Republicans of the East ward for nomination to the position he now holds by appointment of the Governor—Justice of the Peace. This of course will insure his election.

—Edward Woods, a shoemaker, little and lame, who formerly lived in Johnstown, committed suicide in Chester, Delaware county, last Sunday, by cutting his throat. Domestic infelicity is supposed to have prompted the terrible act.

—A special meeting of the Borough Council will be held at the Council chamber, on Monday evening next, for the purpose of considering the propriety of extending the term for the payment of the water bonds. The tax payers of the borough are earnestly invited to attend.

—If the snow was two feet deep on the level last week, it is only eight inches deep now, for two-thirds of it certainly has disappeared since that time. A warm sun, assisted by several generous rains, may be thanked for a result which is in consonance with the desires of all.

—When the bill granting the soldiers of the Mexican war a pension passes the Legislature, as it should, and speedily, Ebensburg will have a half-dozen survivors of that contest who will present in person their claims for that long-deferred recognition of their gallant services.

—Last Sunday's Pittsburgh *Critic* says: "Gen. A. H. Coffroth, Congressman elected from the Somerset district, was in the city. Gen. C. is the lion of the late campaign, being the only Democratic gain in the State, and the only candidate of either party who overcame an opposition majority."

—Mrs. Sarah Dougherty died in Indiana county recently at the ripe old age of eighty-two years. She had in all twelve children, all of whom are living. She also leaves sixty-eight grandchildren, forty-three great-grandchildren and two great-great grandchildren, almost all of whom are living.

—Mrs. Mary Slick Barefoot, of Pleasantville, Bedford county, has attained the ripe age of 88 years, weighs two hundred and forty pounds, and has two hundred and forty-eight living descendants. The Barefooting up of those figures shows a very Slick record for the old lady, surnamed Mary.

—He sent us a postal, being too weak in the knees to step up himself and say: "If you please, I want my subscription from this date to cease." And yet Solomon, mid all his glory, his comfort and ease, was never arrayed like the least one of these, whose power, you bet, is more mite-y than cheese.

—A Welsh festival, half literary and half musical, known as an "Eisteddfod," was held in Bethany church, four miles south of town, yesterday afternoon and evening.—The performances are understood to have been highly creditable to all the parties concerned therein, while the attendance was large.

—A. A. Barker & Son have just given a large order for shoes for men, women, and children, to be delivered about April 1st, and in order to make room for them when they arrive they have made great reductions in the prices of their big stock of shoes, in order to get rid of all on hands, which they would like to see on the feet of their customers.

—Any person knowing the whereabouts of a large red cow, with white spots or stars on her back, a white belly, and a better toned bell on her neck than is ordinarily worn by bovines, and which strayed from the premises of the editor on Monday last, will confer a favor and be suitably rewarded by leaving word at this office. If not fresh by this, said cow is on the eve of becoming so.

—A preacher of the Baptist persuasion in Mifflin county has succeeded in mixing things badly. The girl that ought to have been baptized as Hannah Jane got the name of Eliza Ann, while Eliza Ann came up out of the water as Hannah Jane, and now it is being canvassed whether re-baptism or an act of the Legislature will be necessary to restore harmony to two highly excited families.

—An old man named Schriver, of Martinsburg, Blair county, was beaten nearly to death by his son the other day. The latter is insane, and in explanation of his violence says that his parent is possessed of seven devils and he was obeying a divine command by attempting to dislodge them.—Some of his religious frenzy may be cooled by the treatment he is now undergoing in the Hollidaysburg jail.

—The Pittsburgh *Evening Telegraph* of Monday publishes a remarkable story of a woman named Mrs. Banks, who claims to have served four years in the late war, in both armies, disguised as a man. She claims distinguished parentage, her father being a wealthy planter and her mother an Indian woman. She was first compelled to enter the Southern army, and afterward, on being taken prisoner, joined the Union army. She was wounded once.

—The programme of the Johnstown school teachers was to pool their finances, hire a couple of sleds, and indulge in a mild excursion this week, arriving here this (Friday) evening, and remaining till to-morrow. We write this item in advance of the time set for the invasion, and can see nothing but disappointment in store for them, for the rain has rained, and the sun has shone, and the roads are the terror of horses. But 'twas ever thus since childood's hour—we see our fondest hopes decay, etc. Try the branch railroad!

—The result of the inspection of the Pennsylvania Railroad last November has been made public, and in the list of premiums awarded we notice one to Mr. Fred Ehrenfeld, Supervisor of Division 8, extending from Gallitzin to Cresson, as being the "best Supervisor of Pittsburgh Division." This is the fourth time Mr. Ehrenfeld has been successful in winning this prize, and he and his efficient gang of workmen have reason to be proud that their endeavors to do their duty are properly appreciated at headquarters. Foreman Michael Slattery, of Subdivision No. 7, at Cresson, also walked off with a premium.

—The united exertions of 125 persons, assisted by three locomotives, were successful, after two days' shoveling, in opening up our branch railroad last Thursday evening. The magnitude of the work may be guessed at when we say that Bradley's cut was filled with snow in places to the depth of eighteen feet, or to the level of the surface of the earth at the deepest points. The cost of the combined efforts which resulted in re-opening communication is estimated at $1,000; the loss by interruption to business cannot of course be known, but is very considerable. The branch had remained closed uninterruptedly for five weeks less two days.

—Jame Sinsebaugh, of Fairview, Jackson township, was arrested on Tuesday evining last and taken to Johnstown for a hearing on a charge of forgery preferred against him last October by Mr. George Page, of Mineral Point, by whom the accused was employed at the time. The crime charged is based on the alleged signing of Mr. Page's name to several fraudulent orders on the Company's store, Johnstown, the aggregate value of which was $85. The accused claims that he cannot write, and is therefore guiltless, as will be shown on trial. The hearing in the case was set for 10 o'clock, a. m., yesterday.

—A white cat introduced itself into the Mountain House saloon last Saturday evening. It was either suffering from an attack of the rabies or it was a temperance emissary in disguise, for after it had circled round the room a half dozen times, performing wonderful feats of jumping, clawing and spitting as it went, what was left unbroken of the bar bottles and tumblers in sight was hardly worth mentioning. The old song hath it, "When you catch a white cat, save him, save him!" But the recommendation was in this instance departed from, and each one of its nine lives was hammered out of it and the body sent round to the sausage maker.

—Wm. Ellis an important case was in course of trial before the Huntingdon county Court last week, it was discovered that a sworn juror, one William Houch, was so much under the influence of intoxicating liquor as to be unable to understand the testimony. After a severe reprimand from Judge Dean, he was fined $200, and his name was ordered to be hereafter omitted from all jury lists. The case was the only one on the list, the others having been continued with the expectation that this trial would consume a considerable length of time, but all proceedings were stopped by this unfortunate affair and Court broke up. The loss entailed on the county by the necessity for another trial, Judge Dean said, would be $1,000.

—It is probably no secret to most of the readers of the FREEMAN that our old friend ex-Sheriff James Myers, of this place, will be a candidate before the coming Democratic county convention for the office he once filled with credit to himself and entire satisfaction to the people of the county. Having held the position, as he avers, when it was far from being a sinecure, he thinks that fact ought not to weigh against his nomination. We think so too, though we are far from saying that he is any more or any less deserving of a second term than other parties seeking the office are of the first. Still, we have no doubt that those, at least, whom he befriended officially when the opportunity offered would be glad to greet him once more as Sheriff of Cambria county.

—At Altoona, last Monday, the Day Express east was reported twenty-five minutes late, and Representative Hewit, of Hollidaysburg, who desired to take passage on it for the State capital, concluded to while away the time by going round the corner to see somebody. When he returned to the depot he found himself in the condition of the Irishman who attempted to stop a fleeing train by yelling that there was a passenger aboard who had been left behind, for the Express had come and gone. Pat Doran, the engineer, had made up the lost twenty-five minutes between Cresson and Altoona, and that is how Mr. Hewit came to be left in the lurch.

—The new board of Directors of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria county met Monday evening of this week and effected an organization by the election of the following officers: President, George M. Reade; Vice President, John A. Blair; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas W. Dick; Executive Committee, E. Roberts, John Lloyd, John J. Evans, George A. Kinkead, Ebensburg; I. E. Roberts, Johnstown, and H. J. Hads, Chest Springs, were appointed business agents for the Company. It is gratifying to know that the financial condition of the Company continues first-class, as demonstrated by its official statement for the past year, published elsewhere in this paper.

—"He lived above his income" was the dark reproach he bore, till at last it was remembered that he lived above his store, which is not the one our readers should always seek and find when they wish to purchase clothing of the best and neatest kind, of which there is quite abundance, and at prices very low, at the store around the corner, where 'twill pay for all to go. Yes, at the store around the corner, though the corner that we mean is in Altoona city, where a welcome bland, serene, awaits every man who visits Mr. Wolf, the cheapest of them all, and buys a suit of clothing for winter, spring, or fall. Store on Eleventh avenue, next door to the big store of Bowman & Morrow, Altoona, Pa.

—A man named Gageby was fooling with a pistol in Johnstown last Saturday evening. The weapon was unloaded—he thought. But somehow it succeeded in going off, and the bullet tore its way entirely through one leg of John H. Brown, Esq., and imbedded itself in the other. Mr. Brown was not dangerously injured, but will be required to go on crutches for a few days. As to Gageby, he is understood to be overcome with grief at the result of his carelessness. Mr. Brown is a member of the Cambria county bar, and this suggests the thought that their underpinning must be the weak point of our lawyers, for it has not been many weeks since R. L. Johnston, Esq., was so unfortunate as to fall down and break a leg.

—Some time between Sunday evening and Monday morning last, the justice's office and wagon-maker shop of George Fresh, Esq., at St. Nicholas, in Barr township, was entered by burglars, who gobbled up a $10 bill which the 'Squire had placed between the leaves of his docket for safe keeping, and also helped themselves to an auger and chisel, with which latter implements they subsequently forced their way into the store of Mr. Casper Leib, in the same locality, by boring and cutting away the lower panel of the front door. Here the midnight marauders appropriated to their own use about $40 in cash and postage stamps, and also a quantity of goods the value whereof is only a matter of conjecture. There is no positive clue as to the perpetrators of this deed of villainy, but an abundant crop of suspicions is in fit condition to be harvested.

—Sheriff Ryan sold at public sale, at the Court House, last Saturday afternoon, the following described real estate: A piece of land in Allegheny township containing 70 acres, 35 acres cleared, the property of Otto Biter, and bought by F. O'Friel for $270; a piece of land in Washington township, containing 3 acres, the property of S. S. McGough, and bought by F. O'Frell for $50; a piece of land in Cambria township containing 150 acres, 25 acres cleared, the property of John W. Empfield, and bought by E. Roberts & Son for $160; a lot in Gallitzin borough, the property of Mrs. Jennie Clarkson, and bought by M. Bracken for $150; a piece of land in Barr township containing 50 acres, 20 acres cleared, the property of Henry Remlinger, and bought by Henry Hopple for $60. The sale of the residue of the real estate advertised, seven pieces was stayed or adjourned until Argument Court.

—The Pittsburgh *Telegraph* furnishes the particulars of a recent thrilling experience by an engineer and fireman on the Mountain Division of the Pa. R. R. It was on the night express train, which consisted of three baggage, three coach and three sleeping cars, and which was descending the Alleghenies on the eastern side, when the engineer discovered that the air brake was out of order and could not be made to hold the train. He at once whistled "down brakes," but the brakemen were evidently sleeping, or at any rate they paid no attention to the call. The train in the meantime was assuming a fearful velocity. Another sharp call for "down brakes," but still no response, and this was continued six times before the sleepy brakesmen were aroused. Then the brakes were put on sharply, and gradually the speed slackened, and just before coming to the Horse Shoe curve the train was stopped. Though it was one of the coldest nights of the season, yet the engineer and fireman were both wet with perspiration, the result of their fearful experience. As the passengers were nearly all sleeping, they had no knowledge of the danger they had passed through.

—Should no change in the programme occur, the Ebensburg colony who design locating on Government lands in Ellis county, Kansas, will take up their line of march in the direction of the setting sun next Monday. Their household goods have been shipped in a special car and tickets bought through via the Pan-Handle route. The number of immigrants will be about 30, including Messrs. David Lewis and family, Wm. M'Laughlin and family, and William Connell and family. Messrs. Frank M'Laughlin, Wm. Jones, Roya. Hanna, and others, the advance guard of the colony, have been in Ellis county for several months staking out the claims proposed to be taken up. The families of these, along with a number of parties whose names have escaped us, will accompany the party. The hegira will make a perceptible hole in our next census report, and much of individual worth and business enterprise will be taken from us, but we must console ourself, we presume, with the reflection that what is our loss may be their gain. The site for the colony, which will be known as "Cresson," is about 20 miles north of the line of the Kansas Pacific Railroad.

—Mary Ryan, if the newspapers can be believed, was one of the brightest and prettiest girls in Columbus, Ohio. Her father, a police sergeant, was very fond of her, and did all he could to aid her social progress. Not so her mother, however, who was anxious that her daughter should retire from the world and become a nun. To the latter proposition Mary at last assented, and the papers gravely assure us that she came to this place and entered on her novitiate at the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, her father meantime knowing nothing of her movements or intentions until she had taken her departure. Then he was so furiously angry that he fired five shots at his wife with a revolver, chased her out of the house with an axe, and started for this place, declaring that he would level the convent and kill everybody in it, except his daughter. This is the story as we find it related in the New York *Sun* of Monday last, but as the convent is still intact and the good Sisters and all their proteges alive and well, we take it for granted that the irate father aforesaid either reconsidered his bloody intentions and concluded not to deal out death and destruction on so large a scale, or else took the wrong train, and possibly brought up in Edenburg, instead of Ebensburg—a mistake which some of our exchanges not unfrequently make, and which it is not unnatural for men sometimes to commit, especially if, like Mr. Ryan, they happen to be bent on so sanguine a mission as he is said to have started out to fulfil.

—E. B. Cobaugh is the name of the lucky individual who has been appointed assistant superintendent of the public grounds at Harrisburg by General Hartshorne. The announcement that Major Crawford, of Hollidaysburg, had secured the position was premature.

CAMBRIA COUNTY AND THE STATE TREASURY.—The report of the State Treasurer for the fiscal year ending November, 1878, shows that the appended sums were paid into and drawn from the Treasury by Cambria county during said period:

AMOUNT PAID INTO THE TREASURY BY		
John Dibert & Co., tax on income	$ 42 12	
Johnstown Water Company, tax on dividends	1,320 00	
James M. Singer, Register and Recorder, tax on writs	581 80	
N. J. Freidhoff, Treasurer, *in all*	5,269 82	
B. McColgan, late Prothonotary, tax on writs	198 83	
C. F. O'Donnell, Prothonotary, tax on writs	442 55	
Johnstown Water and Gas Co	750 00	
Johnstown Borough, on sec'd of loans	128 95	
Johnstown Manufacturing Co	953 34	
Johnstown Mechanical Works	75 75	
Cambria Iron Co., tax on coal companies	85 75	
Cambria Iron Co., tax on stock	15,000 00	
Cambria Iron Co., tax on coal companies	175 07	
Total		$25,001 01
DRAWN OUT.		
For Common Schools	$8,094 65	
Jno. Flanagan, Associate Judge	489 65	
J. D. Thomas, Associate Judge	160 00	
Capt. S. W. Davis (military)	400 00	
Capt. P. J. Wolfenagle (milit'y)	500 00	
Co. "A," Fifth Reg., riots	1,102 15	
Co. "H," Fifth Reg., riots	1,092 27	
H. Berg, Supt. Com'n Schools	1,600 00	
T. J. Chapman, late Superint't Common Schools	280 00	
Jno. Downey, Mem'r of H. R.	1,537 80	
J. J. Thomas, Mem'r of H. R.	1,548 60	
Geo. T. Swank, printing	3 00	
H. A. McPike, printing	5 00	
Ahl & all Mills, pension	77 50	
James Maloney, annuity	86 00	
P. F. Kirby, Mercantile Appr.	36 00	
		18,300 01
Bal. in favor of county		$6,749 15

WE ARE OFTEN ASKED by those who need the services of a dentist, "Where is the best place to go?" and we invariably answer, "Go to Dr. Quincy A. Scott, 278 Penn avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa." He attends to all branches of the profession in the most skillful and satisfactory manner. If you want your natural teeth restored to their pristine beauty and usefulness, he will fill them in the most scientific manner, and if desired restore the broken corners with pure gold, or if necessary *build whole teeth of gold* on mere roots. If you want artificial teeth, he makes the very best that can possibly be made on gold, platina, silver, vulcanite, celluloid, and fits own parent gum enameled base. If can fit any mouth with a whole or partial set, and if you don't want any teeth extracted, will make them to fit and suit with the old teeth and roots in. His artificial teeth are celebrated for their likeness to nature, and the positive certainty that they will prove satisfactory in eating.

In extracting teeth Dr. Scott excels all others. He is always successful in making his patients entirely unconscious to pain, and his anæsthetic is so harmless that even children and very old persons can inhale it with entire safety. He has the largest establishment in the State, with ten first-class assistants, and his business is so thoroughly systematized that each one attends to a particular kind of work, and therefore is more skillful than those who potter at a little of everything. It is this thoroughness of workmanship, together with all the latest machinery and facilities for expediting work, that enables the Doctor to perform all dental operations in such a satisfactory manner and at prices within the reach of everybody. Again we say, go to Dr. Quincy A. Scott.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

BUSINESS FOR LADIES.—Our attention has been called to a new article for the use of ladies, the invention of which has conferred an everlasting blessing upon every lady. We refer to the Queen City skirt suspenders for supporting ladies' skirts, the most desirable and beneficial article ever invented for the relief of women, many of whom have suffered years of miserable health caused solely by carrying the weight of a number of heavy skirts, completely dragging them down. Something to support ladies' clothing is absolutely necessary. These suspenders are recommended by our leading physicians to all ladies and young girls. Every lady should have them. They are sold only through lady agents. A splendid opportunity is offered to some reliable lady canvasser of this county to secure the agency of a pleasant and profitable business. For terms and territory write at once to the Queen City Suspender Company, 278 Clark Street, Cincinnati, O. [1-24.-2t.]

THE DEATH RATE of our country is getting to be fearfully alarming, the average of life being lessened every year, without any reasonable cause, death resulting generally from the most insignificant origin. At this season of the year especially, a cold is such a common thing that in the hurry of every day life we are apt to overlook the dangers attending it, and often find too late, that a Fever or Lung trouble has already set in.—Thousands lose their lives in this way every winter, while had *Boschee's German Syrup* been taken, a cure would have resulted, and a large bill from a Doctor been avoided For all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, *Boschee's German Syrup* has proven itself to be the greatest discovery of its kind in medicine. Every Druggist in this country will tell you of its wonderful effect. Over 950,000 bottles sold last year without a single failure known.

"WILL ye love me thus forever?"
And she looked into his eyes
With a glance that seemed a token
Of the fervor of her sighs.
"I wudn't guaranty it,"
With a smile responded Pat,
"For I'm hardly av the notion
That I'll last as long as that!"

The reason Pat found such favor in the eyes of his fair one was because he was tricked out in one of those splendid suits sold by Jas. J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown. They are the nobbiest suits seen anywhere—fashionable and neat-fitting—superior in texture, and with low prices about them. When it is remembered that Mr. Murphy's price-list contains the very lowest figures in the retail clothing line, and that each article sold is guaranteed to be as represented, it is not strange that Pat and all others who want something good and nice give him their custom.

He was sitting by the fire,
With Marlier;
And toward her every moment he
Drew nigher;
'Till her chair did interpose.
When he kissed her on the nose—
They'll be married when this sloppy weather's
dryer.

In anticipation of this happy event, the young man has ordered his wedding suit. It is to come—of course—from the establishment of Godfrey Wolff, next door to the post-office, Altoona, Pa. We say *of course*, for no man of taste would go elsewhere when he desires a suit of superior excellence and elegance, at a price which is far from extortionate. Mr. Wolff sells large quantities of goods to Cambria county men, and it is their concurrent testimony that nowhere else can they deal to so good advantage.

If you're anything to say,
Say it;
If you've anything to pay,
Pay it;
But with naught to pay or say,
Don't fret yourself about it, pray.

What we have to say in this connection is that now, or never, one needs good protection for the feet. The condition of the streets and sidewalks attests the truth of this remark. As large and as excellent a stock of boots, shoes and slippers for men, women and children as was ever seen in Western Pennsylvania has just been opened by S. Blumenthal, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, and he respectfully solicits your patronage. As to the pay spoken of above, all you will be required to do is to look over for what you purchase will be from 10 to 25 per cent. lower than the prices of other dealers.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, "This is eighteen hundred and seventy-eight" when he a letter had to date? If such there be, go mark him well—that man's mistaken sure as 2 and 2 make 4. But there is no mistake in the assertion that the low price plan in the sale of goods introduced in their store by John Lloyd & Co., High street, Ebensburg, is just what the people want. On the contrary, since the general marking down of their stock their sales have doubled, and the increase of customers is more perceptible day by day. Give them a call! If you buy from them you will get your money's worth.

Use Dr. Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap. It Makes the skin beautifully white and healthy, removes dandruff, chafing, prickly heat, sores eruptions, burning, stinging and itching of the skin and scalp. A sulphur bath with it is highly recommended. Always ask for it by its full name. [7-26-6m.]

PRICES for THIS WEEK.

THERE NEVER WERE SUCH CHANCES AS THERE ARE NOW
FOR RICH AND POOR TO DRESS ALIKE.

THIS GRAND REDUCTION IS MADE BY US
FOR THE CLEARING SALE OF THE ENTIRE STOCK OF
CLOAKS, HATS, FURS, BLANKETS, SHAWLS, DRY GOODS, CARPETS, FANCY GOODS, &C.

CLOAKS reduced from $3.00 to $2.00.

CLOAKS reduced from	$ 3.75 to $ 2.75	CLOAKS reduced from	$15.00 to $ 9.00
CLOAKS reduced from	5.00 to 3.75	CLOAKS reduced from	20.00 to 12.75
CLOAKS reduced from	7.00 to 4.25	CLOAKS reduced from	25.00 to 15.00
CLOAKS reduced from	10.00 to 5.50	CLOAKS reduced from	30.00 to 18.00
CLOAKS reduced from	12.00 to 6.00		

FURS reduced from $3.50 to $2.50.

FURS reduced from	$3.50 to $2.50	FURS reduced from	$7.00 to $4.00
FURS reduced from	5.00 to 3.50		

Ladies' Hats and Millinery of all kinds at Prices never before known in this part of the State.

Ladies' Untrim'd Hats reduced from 35 to 25c.	Ladies' Trim'd Hats reduced from $1.00 to 75c.
Ladies' Untrim'd Hats reduced from 25 to 15c.	Ladies' Trim'd Hats reduced from 1.50 to $1.00
Ladies' Fur Hats reduced from 75 to 50c.	Ladies' Trim'd Hats reduced from 2.25 to 1.50
Ladies' Fur Hats reduced from 50 to 40c.	Ladies' Trim'd Hats reduced from 2.75 to 1.75
Ladies' Trimmed Hats reduced from $5.00 to $2.50.	
Misses' Trim'd Hats reduced from $1.25 to 75c.	Misses' Untrim'd Hats reduced from 50 to 25c.
Misses' Trim'd Hats reduced from 75 to 50c.	Misses' Untrim'd Hats reduced from 35 to 20c.
Children's Untrimmed Hats reduced from 25 to 10c.	
Flannels reduced from 50 to 35c.	Flannels reduced from 35 to 25c.
Flannels reduced from 20 to 15c.	Flannels reduced from 25 to 20c.
Flannels reduced from 12 to 9c.	Flannels reduced from 20 to 15c.
Blankets reduced from $1.00 to 75c. per pair.	Blankets reduced from $2.50 to $1.75 per pair.
Blankets reduced from 1.50 to $2.00 " "	Blankets reduced from 6.00 to 4.00 " "
Calicoes reduced from 8 to 5c. per yard.	
Carpets reduced from 10 to 7c. per yard.	Carpets reduced from 40 to 25c. per yard.
Brussels Carpets reduced from $1.25 to 75c. per yard.	
200 yard spool Machine Thread, 8c.; Hand Thread, 5c.; 144 Buttons, 3c.; 280 Pins, 2c.	

☞ Wishing all a happy New Year, and thanking our many friends for their liberal patronage in the past, we hope to merit a continuance of their favors by furnishing GOOD GOODS at such low prices that no one can compete with us.

C. SIMON & CO.,
ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PA.

Great Reduction in Clothing, &c.

OVERCOATS reduced from	$ 5.00 to $ 3.65
OVERCOATS reduced from	7.50 to 5.75
OVERCOATS reduced from	9.75 to 7.60
OVERCOATS reduced from	12.25 to 10.00
Men's DRESS SUITS reduced from	6.50 to 5.00
Men's DRESS SUITS reduced from	8.75 to 6.00
Men's BUSINESS SUITS reduced from	10.50 to 8.00
Men's fine DIAGONAL SUITS reduced from	15.00 to 12.00
Men's WORSTED SUITS reduced from	18.00 to 15.25

HATS and CAPS reduced to one-half the former price.
FURNISHING GOODS reduced to 25c. and up.
LADIES' COATS reduced to half price.
We will sacrifice BLANKETS at and below cost.
TRUNKS, SATCHELS and VALISES from 30 cents up.

In fact, even on a small bill of goods purchased from me at any time between now and Spring, people living on the mountain can make a day's wages at Save enough besides to pay their fare to and from Altoona.

A Large Stock of Millinery Goods, Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, &c., at GREAT BARGAINS.

FURS! FURS! FURS! FURS! AT HALF PRICE TO CLOSE OUT.
REMEMBER THE NAME AND THE PLACE:

CHAS. SIMON'S, 1307 11th Ave., Opposite Kesler's Drug Store, Altoona, Pa.

N. B.—A few HEAVY COATS still left at $1.65; a few DRESS COATS at $1.00; a few BOYS' PANTS at 15 cents, and the best and cheapest CARPETS in Altoona.

The most thorough ORGANIZATION IN AMERICA for executing written orders IS THE MAIL DEPARTMENT for samples & supplies AT THE GRAND DEPOT OF THE GREAT DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT OF JOHN WANAMAKER, GRAND DEPOT, 13TH ST. CHESTNUT TO MARKET. PHILADELPHIA. SEND PENNY POSTAL CARD specifying WHAT IS DESIRED and by return mail SAMPLES AND PRICES WILL BE SENT OF ANYTHING WANTED

Local Correspondence.

CARROLLTOWN, Jan. 28, 1879.

DEAR FREEMAN—The account of your trip to Kansas was read with much interest by many of your subscribers in this section, and the promised second installment is looked forward to with still greater avidity, owing to the promise made to disclose the "true inwardness" of your observations and experiences. In the meantime many friends of the FREEMAN are watching for the proposed improvements in its get up, and doubtless they will prove their appreciation of its energy and pluck in a substantial and tangible form.

Local items are a rarity just now, but it is worthy of mention that considerable sickness abounds in this neighborhood. In fact, since the beginning of the year we have had five funerals to our cemetery, which is an unusual percentage in this congregation. Among these was the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Richors, aged about five years, who died on Friday last, the 24th inst., after a very painful illness from that most horrible of maladies in this climate, diphtheria. The little sufferer was attended by Dr. W. H. Eck, who did for it all that the medical skill he possessed suggested, yet the disease triumphed.

Also, on Monday morning, a young child of Mr. and Mrs. James Reffner was buried in the cemetery here, but we have been unable to get the particulars from Mr. Cook, who also attended the last mentioned case.

During the coming week Dr. J. J. Oatman will remove to the property adjoining the St. Lawrence Hotel, in this place, and not to Ebensburg, as was erroneously stated by your contemporary, the *Herald*, last week.

A rather expensive joke was perpetrated by one of our citizens on Saturday last, as we learn from a responsible informant. It appears that the gentleman to whom we refer was on his way home in a sled, or sleigh, and met another of our citizens travelling in the opposite direction when the first referred to caught the hat from the head of number two and let it fall in the snow. Number two declined getting out to recover his head gear, but quietly determined he would have a new one at the expense of citizen No. 1. Accordingly on his (No. 2's) return home he bought himself a hat costing $3.50 and then formally notified the other party that twenty-four hours would be given to "pay the piper." No. 1 thought "discretion the better part of valor" and paid for the "tile."

LOCAL.

Communication.

SUMMIT, Jan. 20, 1879.

EDITOR FREEMAN—*Dear Sir*:—As the time has come when aspirants for nomination at the approaching Democratic county convention are beginning to loom up in the political horizon, permit me to suggest the name of one of our most trustworthy and deserving Democrats, Mr. George J. Swaderer, of Washington township, in connection with the office of Sheriff at the election next fall. Should the approaching convention decide to bestow on him this well merited reward for his fidelity to Democratic principles, Mr. Schwaderer is a man who possesses all the qualifications for the faithful and efficient discharge of the duties of the office to which he aspires, and his well known generosity is the best assurance that could be given that he would, if entrusted with the office, prove the friend of the poor and distressed. Besides, Mr. Schwaderer hails from a district which is a well known stronghold of the Democracy, and his nomination would be a tribute to the unflinching Democrats of this section of the county. All things considered, I think the coming convention could not select a more worthy man, or better Democrat, as their standard bearer, than by nominating Mr. Schwaderer for the office of Sheriff. Yours, respectfully, DEMOCRAT.

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OBITUARY.

GILL.—Died, at the residence of her parents, in St. Lawrence, Cheat township, on Saturday, Jan. 18, 1879, Miss FLORA, third daughter of John and Catharine Gill, aged 14 years.

This sad event occurred after a few days' severe illness, and was unsuspected even by her parents and relatives, who prayed fervently for her speedy recovery. But Death, being no respecter of age or sex, claimed the beautiful and beloved daughter, sister, and affectionate friend, as its victim. Who can appreciate the loss of a loving parent, brother, sister, or dear friend? None but those, surely, who have experienced such a loss, which to know must be felt in all its poignancy.

"Oh, grave, where is thy victory?
Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

Flora, there is every reason to believe, is now rich in the enjoyment of the eternal felicities of heaven, where it is to be hoped she has found and is now in spiritual communion with her beloved cousin, whose remains were consigned to the dark and silent tomb only a few days before her own demise. Greatly endeared as she was to a large circle of relatives and friends, Flora will long be missed not only in the family circle, but by the entire community, in which, child though she was, her gentle and winning ways had secured for her the affection and esteem of all. May our blessed Saviour, whose great delight while upon earth was to be among the children of men, take little Flora under his loving and protecting care. A Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the deceased was celebrated on Monday forenoon by Father Edmund, after which her remains were followed to their last earthly resting place in the Catholic cemetery by a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends. H. C. D.

*NEW

Great Snow Storms in England.

The winter of 1683–4 appears to have been the severest ever recorded in England. This was one of the occasions when the Thames was frozen over and a fair held thereon. The river was frozen from December to February. Trees were split in the forest by the violence of the cold, nearly all the birds perished, and the heavy snows made the roads in some parts of the country absolutely impassable.

The winter of 1708–9 was notable for its three months' continuous frost and snow. Ten years later a snow-storm on the borderlands of Sweden and Norway caused a terrible disaster. The Swedish army was marching on Dronthcim. They were overtaken on the mountains by a snow storm so severe that 7,000 of them perished, and the expedition had to be abandoned.

The Norwegians have the credit of the introduction of soldiers trained to manœuvre on the snow, with a kind of snow-skate; but under such circumstances as these they would have struggled against the warring elements in vain. The snow storms of that season reached to England, and in the south and west snow fell for several days in succession early in January, and as one of the sufferers remarks, there was "very hard frost for a long thyme, besides snow very often, and all things very deare, so that a half-penny rowle weighed just a crowne piece, and two turneps sold for a peny, and coals sold for 40s. a quarter, and all theis things, notwithstanding soe deare, was very bad in kinde."

Nearly half a century passed before there was any snowfall in England at all approaching this, but in February, 1762, it snowed eighteen days without ceasing. The eighteenth century closed as it began, with a succession of "hard winters." Looking through the records of these times, we can well understand the oft-quoted remark of the "oldest inhabitants," that since they were boys the seasons have changed. The winter of 1784 was one of the most severe of the series. Snow fell first on October 7, and from that date until April 2, 1785—177 days—there were only twelve days on which it did not either freeze or snow, or both.

The winter of 1814 was long remembered in many parts of England as that of the "Great Frost." All over the country the mail coaches had to cease running, and in many instances were abandoned in the snow, the letters being sent on by the guards on horseback. And even this means of conveyance proved unavailing in some localities, for when the snow lay four feet deep in the streets of great towns, it may be fairly presumed that it proved a more serious obstacle in the country.

Another remarkable snow year was 1820. In this year, as in 1814, the quantity of snow that fell on the moors and fells of the North, and the great plateau of Dartmoor, was enormous, and several lives were lost. So far as Great Britain is concerned, no snow storm for the past hundred years has approached in violence and extent that of December, 1836. After it had been snowing heavily for two days, by the evening of the 26th the wind increased to a hurricane. The fall of snow that night was four to nine feet, and some of the snow-drifts were twenty, thirty, even fifty feet in depth. "The mails, all business and correspondence were stopped nearly a week, until the multitudes employed had cut a way in the snow. Several lives were lost in the snow, which was equally great all the island over."

Since then England has had several winters in which there have been heavy falls of snow, and some in which the mail coaches in various parts of the country had to be dug out of the drifts, as happened to the once famous "Quicksilver" mail so recently as 1842. One night's snowfall was sufficient to bury the coach, and it took seventy men, working all night, to cut a way through the drift, and allow it to proceed.

A PECULIAR BUT EFFECTIVE CURE.—Henry Stanley, a resident of Anoch, has suffered severely since June t, with rheumatism. From a strong, ust man he was reduced almost to skeleton; the joints, especially of ..e knees, were stiff and swollen, the cords and ligaments contracted, and the case was altogether a serious one. Some one of the butcher boys suggested to Stanley the idea of bathing in and drinking blood. He was taken to McMaster's slaughter-house and treated accordingly with most astonishing results. Placed in position to receive the warm sunshine his limbs were bathed in warm blood fresh from the slaughtered animals; as soon as the blood was dried upon his legs they were wrapped in a fresh sheep's pelt, another being bound across the back; also he drank freely of beef blood. In two days after commencing this treatment Stanley discarded the use of crutches, and is now apparently a sound man. He has the full use of his limbs, the swelled joints are in a natural state, and he daily gains rapidly in strength. This is to us new remedy, and whether like results would follow in all cases of rheumatism, is a matter of conjecture, but it has accomplished wonders for Stanley.—*Antioch Ledger.*

HEADING CABBAGES IN WINTER.—A writer in the *Rural New Yorker* says he often sets out cabbages so late in the season that the heads are but half-formed when winter sets in. Just before the ground freezes a deep furrow is plowed on a dry, sandy knoll, the cabbages are carefully lifted with adhering soil, and set as thickly as covenient in the natural condition. They are then covered with a few inches of straw, and with the same thickness of soil, partly by plowing against them. The heads form during the winter, and they come out in the spring white and tender.

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Ancient Fever Epidemics.

The lessons of the last epidemic find numerous precedents in the history of former times. The black-death that ravaged Asia and Southern Europe in the fourteenth century spared the Mohammedan countries—Persia, Turkistan, Morocco and Southern Spain—whose inhabitants generally abstained from pork and intoxicating drinks. In the Byzantine Empire, Russia, Germany, France, Northern Spain (inhabited by the Christian Visigoths), and Italy, 4,000,000 died between 1373 and 1375, but the monasteries of the stricter Orders and the frugal peasants of Calabria and Sicily enjoyed their usual health (which they, of course, ascribed to the favor of their tutelar saints); but among the cities which suffered most were Barcelona, Lyons, Florence and Moscow, the first three situated on the rocky mountain slopes, with no lack of drainage and pure water, while the steppes of the Upper Volga are generally dry and salubrious.

The pestilence of 1720 swept away 52,000, or more than two-thirds of the 75,000 inhabitants of Marseilles, in less than five weeks; but of the 6,000 abstemious Spaniards that inhabited the "suburb of the Catalans," only 200 died, or less than 4 per cent. The most destructive epidimic recorded in authentic history was the four-years' plague that commenced in A. D. 542, and raged through the dominions of Chosaoes the Great, the Byzantine Empire, Northern Africa and Southwestern Europe. It commenced it Egypt, spread to the East over Syria, Persia and the Indies, and penetrated to the West along the coast of Africa and over the continent of Europe. Asia Minor, with its plethoric cities, Constantinople, Northern Italy and France suffered fearfully; entire provinces were abandoned, cities died out and remained vacant for many years, and during three months 5,000, and at last 10,000, persons died at Constantinople *each day!* (Gibbon's "History," vol, iii., chap. xlii); and the total variously estimated from 75,000,00 to 120,000,000 (Procopius, "Anecdot.," cap. xvii.; Cousin's "Histtome ii., page 178.) But in Sicily, Morocco and Albania the disease was confined to a few seaport towns, and the Caucasus and Abria escaped entirely.

This dreadful plague made its first appearance in Alexandria, Egypt, then a luxurious city of 800,000 inhabitants, and Paulus Diaconus, a contempory historian, speaks of the "reckless gluttony by which the inhabitants of the great capital incurred yearly fevers and dangerous indigestions and at last brought this terrible judgment upon themselvs and their innocent neighbors," (lib. ii., cap. iv.) Alexandria lost 500,000 of her inhabitants in 542, and 80,000 in the following year, and for miles around the city the fields were covered with unburied corpses; but the monks of the Nitrian Desert (3,000 of them had devoted themselves to the task of collecting and burying the dead) lost only 50 of their fraternity, who, with few exceptions, confessed that they had secretly violated the ascetic rules of their order.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.—"The Reality of the World" is the title of the leading article in the February number of this magazine. It is intended to meet, and cleverly adapted to, a certain tendency, of modern thought to deny all things. "Jasmin," a delightful sketch of that most charming of characters, the barber poet of the south of France, follows. "Civilization and its Laws" is a close review of Funck-Brentano's interesting work on the same subject. There is a further instalment of the able articles on "Plain Chant." "Pere Monsabre" gives a strong picture of the leading French pulpit orator of the day and of his work. "The Material Mission of the Church" is a fitting sequel to a recent article on "Some Barriers between Capital and Labor," which attracted wide attention. "Protestant Theology in Short Clothes" is an amusing yet serious examination of the working of Sunday-schools and Sunday-school literature generally. The "Life of Mme. Duchesne" deals with one of the heroic pioneers of Catholic education in this country. "Rome under the Popes and under the Piedmontese" is the first instalment of an article contrasting the actual position of the Roman people, financially, socially, and morally, under the two governments. Figures and facts are presented that will go far to change popular opinion on this subject. The "Roman Letters" deals with the fall of the late Italian Ministry and the present drift of politics in Italy, which the writer views with serious alarm. "Pearl" goes on better than ever. There are some sweet verses and some important book-notices.

BUSINESS FOR LADIES.—Our attention has been called to a new article for the use of ladies, the invention of which has conferred an everlasting blessing upon every lady. We refer to the Queen City skirt suspenders for supporting ladies' skirts, the most desirable and beneficial article ever invented for the relief of women, many of whom have suffered years of miserable health caused solely by carrying the wright of a number of heavy skirts, completely dragging them down. Something to support ladies' clothing is absolutely necessary. These suspenders are recommended by our leading physicians to all ladies and young girls. Every lady should have them. They are sold only through lady agents. A splendid opportunity is offered to some reliable lady canvasser of this county to secure the agency of a pleasant and profitable business. For terms and territory write at once to the Queen City Suspender Company, 278 Clark Street, Cincinnati, O. [1-24.-2t.]

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY.—Full of the most charming reading matter is Ballou's Magazine for the month of February. The leading illustrated article is by the author of "A Whaleman's Adventure," and treats of the Fiji Islands. Earl Marble has a poem, "Daddy Joe's Sweetheart," written in dialect, which will be interesting to Southwesterh and especially to Missouri readers, and which is accompanied by some capital illustrations drawn from life. Besides those, there are some ten or a dozen stories, adventures on land and sea, domestic stories, poetry of a superior order of merit, and a set of comic engravings that will make the most obdurate smile.—Published by Thomes & Talbot, 23 Hawley Street, Boston, at $1.50 a year, postpaid, and for sale at all the periodical depots in the country.

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Severe Winters in Europe.

What passes in England and continental Europe for "a severe winter" would be regarded in the Northern States and Canada as a comparatively mild and open season. "Forty-six degrees of frost," as the London papers shiveringly put it when recording the hard winter of 1860, lose much of thier importance when translated into our equivalent of "fourteen below zero;" and since the invention of the thermometer it is doubtful if the mercury has gone in England below 20 degrees. Memorable severe winters there have been in Europe, not a few of which have had their importance as well as their interest in history. In 401 the Black Sea is said to have been frozen over twenty days, and between October, 763, and Febuary, 764, such a frost prevailed at Constantinople that the seas are spoken of as frozen for a hundred miles from shore. It is certain that two centuries before, in 559, Zabergan, King of the Huns, crossed the Danube on the ice and routing the troops of Justinian spread over Thrace to the very walls of Constantinople, this being the first incursion of the Bulgarians who are next week to choose a Prince and regain autonomy. In 1622 ice covered the Hellespont. In 1284 the Cattegat was frozen over; in 1323 the Baltic was passable to travelers for six weeks; again in 1402 it was frozen from Pomerania to Denmark, and twenty-four winters later its surface would bear a rider from Lubeck to the shore of Prussia. In 1460 horsemen rode from Denmark to Sweden, and in 1548 sledges drawn by oxen traveled on the sea from Rostock to Denmark. In 1685 Charles X., with his army, horse and foot, and his artillery trains and baggage, crossed the Little Belt from Holstein to Denmark to lay siege to Copenhagen. The German chronicles contain as many records of severe seasons. In 1430 the large fowls of the air sought shelter in the towns of Germany; in 1468, and again in 1544, wine merchants in Flanders cut their wines—champagne frappe with a vengence, only champagne was still a thing corked up and wired in the bottle of the future—with hatchets and sold them in lumps. In 1565 the lazy Scheldt was frozen so hard that it sustained the weigh of loaded wagons; again in 1594, it and the Rhine were frozen over; in the great cold of 1622 the Zuyder Zee was ice-bound, and in 1691 the winter brought wolves into the streets of Vienna, where they attacked horses and even men.

The cold seasons of modern England have been most carefully noted, with an abundance of interesting details. On mid-summer day, 1695, it is said that the frost destroyed all the fruits of the earth; in 1076–7—after the period of forty one years that the writer in the Gardener's Chronicle has been figuring out—there were dreadful frosts from November to April, and in 1407 all the small birds perished. The Thames was frozen from London Bridge to Gravesend from November 28, 1434, till February 10 1435, and in 1515—after the long cycle of eighty years had been fulfilled—it was again crossed by vehicles between Lambeth and Westminster. In 1564 and 1567 the river was the scene of bond-fires and diversions, elaborately described on latter occasions by writers whose passages are familiar to English readers of this day as the stories of the great plague and great fire. Some Shakesperean commentators think that they have found in this unwonted sight of fire upon ice the source of the inspiration of the Bard of Avon's images, and would use this evidence to settle the date of the composition of a play. The winter of 1633 4 was terrible cold. "The forest trees and even the oaks split by the frost; most of the hollies were killed; the Thames was covered with ice eleven inches thick, and nearly all the birds perished."

THE THERMOMETER.—The thermometer, although invented half a century earlier than the barometer, was more than half a century later arriving at perfection. Hero, who flourished at Alexandria about one hundred and thirty years before Christ, has described in his "Spiritalia" a sort of huge weather glass, in which water was made to rise and fall by the vicissitudes of day and night, or rather the changes of heat and cold. This machine had been for ages overlooked or merely considered in the light of a curious contrivance. But Sanctoris, a very learned and ingenious Italian physician, who was long Professor of Medicine in the University of Padua and had labored to improve his art by the application of experimental science, reduced the hydraulic machine of Hero into a more compendious form; and thus constructed, about the close of the sixteenth century, the instrument since known by the name of the air thermometer, which he employed with obvious advantage to examine the heat of the human body in fever.

Some years afterward, a similar instrument was contrived, perhaps without any communication, by Drebble, a very clever and scheming Dutch artist, who visited London in the reign of James I. and introduced the knowledge of the instrument into England.

Hops are first mentioned by Pliny, the young plant being eaten as a vegetable, like our asparagus. But until the sixteenth century they were not used as an ingredient in beer; and, when their cultivation was first introduced from Flanders, in 1525, an outcry was raised, and Parliament was petitioned against a "wicked weed that would spoil the taste of the drink and endanger the people." But the piquant bitter found favor with the public, who relished this addition to the previous unmitigated sweetness.